TERROR AND TYRANNICIDE IN ROMANIA

JANUARY 22, 1990 · $2.95

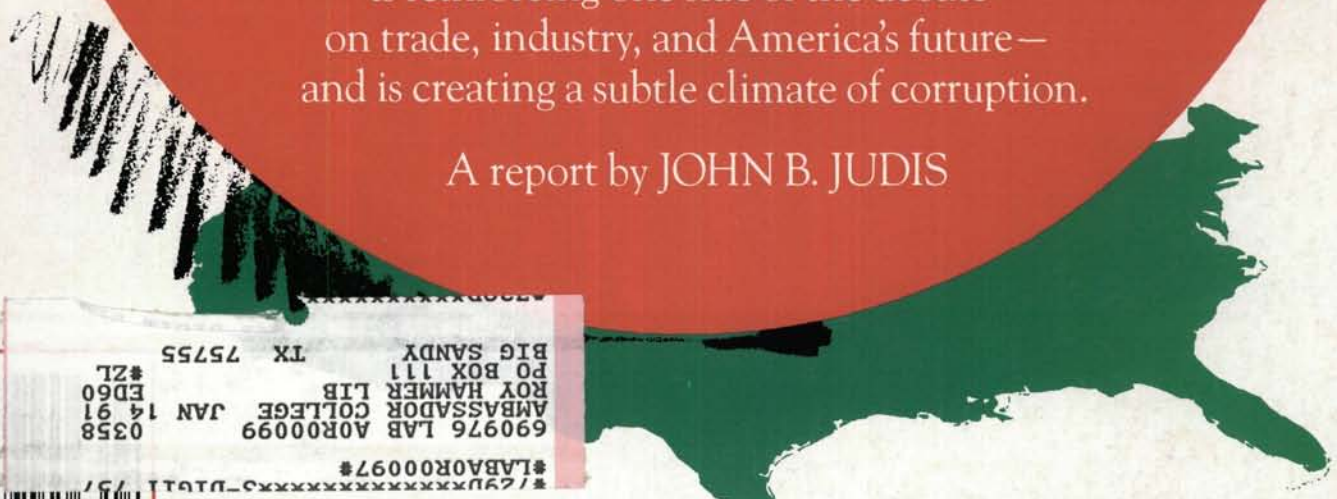
THE NEW REPUBLIC

Michael Walzer · Why people kill pictures, by Anne Hollander · Garry Wills

YEN FOR POWER

In think tanks, universities, corporations, and Washington law offices, Japanese money is reinforcing one side of the debate on trade, industry, and America's future— and is creating a subtle climate of corruption.

A report by JOHN B. JUDIS



BIG SANDY TX 75755
PO BOX 111 #ZL
ROY HAMMER LIB ED60
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 14 91
690976 LAB AOR00099 0358
#LABAOR00097#

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Motors has found a way to keep people in their seats without using seat belts.

We do it with quality television programming. Over the past decade, General Motors has been presenting the kind of programs that can bring a family together—the kind that can earn broadcasting's most prestigious awards. GM Mark of Excellence Presentations.

First aired in 1981, *A Christmas Special with Luciano Pavarotti* became a holiday tradition on PBS. *The Verdi Requiem* followed on public television, and *Vivaldi: The Four Seasons* played on the A&E cable network. *The Kennedy Center Honors* gala annually pays tribute to America's greatest performing artists, and it has won three Emmy Awards in the process.

Peabody Awards for broadcast excellence went to *Bill Moyers' In Search of the Constitution* and to the mini-series *George Washington.* GM completed the rare look at America's first presidency with the sequel, *George Washington: The Forging of a Nation;* and we presented Moyers' unprecedented interview of retiring Chief Justice William Burger.

In every project, for commercial television or PBS, GM looks for excellence in concept, script, talent, and production. Just as we care about excellence throughout our automobiles.

This year, Mark of Excellence Presentations include *American Playwrights Theater* on A&E. Three Emmy-winning programs return: *American Film Institute Life Achievement Award* on ABC, *The Kennedy Center Honors* on CBS, and the *Live From Lincoln Center* series on PBS. NBC is carrying *The Old Man and the Sea,* with Anthony Quinn. Also on PBS are the Peabody Award-winning weekly series, *A World of Ideas with Bill Moyers,* and the 10-hour Ken Burns documentary, *The Civil War.*

General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentations. They are our way of bringing your family quality television as well as quality cars and trucks.

General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentations

GM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

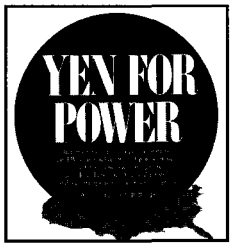
JANUARY 22, 1990

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 3,914

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY,
MORTON KONDRACKE, ROBERT WRIGHT
Editor, New Republic Books (Basic Books)
BILL NEWLIN
Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER
Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD
Art
MARK STEVENS
Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP
Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER,
VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK,
ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW, ANNE TYLER,
NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
Associate Editor
JACOB WEISBERG
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY
Assistant Editors
KAREN LEHRMAN, LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH
Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE
Assistant Production Manager
KRISTIN CONRADI
Production Associate
ERIC V. PETERSON
Literary Assistant
SARA MOSLE
Reporter-Researchers
DANIEL GROSS, DAVID P. HAMILTON,
WESTON KOSOVA

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Associate Publisher
TOM HICKS
Controller
JEAN GANDY
Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT
Circulation Director
PATTY JONES
Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER
Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Accounting Assistant
JULIE HAWKINS
Circulation Assistant
PATTI NAJDA
Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM
Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.



Cover by Allen Carroll and Marilyn Worseldine for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 20.

4 MICHAEL KINSLEY **TRB: THE MANET ILLUSION** Maybe it's time for museums to start selling their masterpieces.

6 CORRESPONDENCE Prince Charles on architecture, rights for artists, &c.

7 THE EDITORS **CIAO, CEAUSESCU** The near-summary execution of the Romanian tyrant was deserved but deplorable. Now revenge must give way to rebuilding. **THE ISRAEL FACTOR** Israel got concrete benefits from its relations with Ceausescu, but the 'anti-imperialist' camp helped keep him in power. **AFTER PANAMA** If Panama emulates demilitarized Costa Rica, this invasion could be its last. **NOTEBOOK** Self-congratulations.

12 DANIEL GROSS AND DAVID P. HAMILTON **WASHINGTON SCENE: ALL RIGHTNIKS** The man who discovered Willie Horton gets together with other conservative heroes.

14 ROBERT DARNTON **LEIPZIG POSTCARD: CITIZENS** Democracy goes on parade in the ancient city. But some of the free speech pains the ear.

16 ROBERT BAZELL **SCIENCE AND SOCIETY: MEDICINE SHOW** Despite some recent upbeat *New York Times* reports, a cure for AIDS is nowhere in sight. Opinion is divided on the best way to look for one.

20 JOHN B. JUDIS **THE JAPANESE MEGAPHONE** In think tanks, universities, and Washington law offices, Japanese corporations are spending millions of dollars a year to amplify one side of the domestic debate on U.S. economic policy. And they seem to be getting what they pay for.

26 STANLEY KAUFFMANN **ON FILMS: CARS AND OTHER VEHICLES** Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman steer expertly in *Driving Miss Daisy*; Meryl Streep in *She-Devil* is a terrible accident.

28 ANNE HOLLANDER **THE SECRET LIFE OF ART** *The Power of Images: Studies in the History and Theory of Response* by David Freedberg

34 KATHA POLLITT **POEMS** *Night Subway* and *From a Notebook*

36 HERMIONE LEE **QUIET DESOLATION** *The Remains of the Day*, *An Artist of the Floating World*, and *A Pale View of Hills* by Kazuo Ishiguro

39 MICHAEL WALZER **THE MINIMALIST** *Innocence and Experience* by Stuart Hampshire

41 GARRY WILLS **BOOKED UP** *Jefferson's Literary Commonplace Book* edited by Douglas L. Wilson

43 ROBERT WRIGHT **WASHINGTON DIARIST: ENDGAMES** Remembering Samuel Beckett and Billy Martin, who have more in common than meets the eye.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 202, Number 4, Issue 3,914, January 22, 1990. (Printed in the U.S. on January 3, 1990.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 8 & 15, July 9 & 16, July 30 & Aug. 6, Aug. 20 & 27, and Sept. 10 & 17, 1990) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $59.97; foreign, $89.97; Canada, $74.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). ©1990 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
JAN 16 1990

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

The Manet illusion

When the price of something goes up, the supply of it increases. That is the great consolation offered by economists throughout the ages. A higher price for apples will induce more people to grow apples. But no such consolation is available in the case of paintings by dead artists. The skyrocketing prices of established art masterpieces will not produce more such masterpieces. A few may come out of hiding, and perhaps a forgery or two will add to the world's enjoyment of great art until they are exposed and denounced. But the main economic effect of the art masterpiece price explosion is to transfer wealth to present owners of art masterpieces.

Economists call the mistaken feeling of increased wealth caused by general inflation "the money illusion." The inflation in art prices is slightly different: call it "the Manet illusion." When an Impressionist painting thought to be worth $15 million is suddenly worth $30 million, the world is not $15 million richer. However, the owner's claim on the world's existing wealth has doubled.

For this reason, it's hard to understand all the hair-pulling about the terrible effect on the public of the art masterpiece price explosion. After all, most art masterpieces are owned by institutions that are owned, in turn, by the public—or at least dedicated to serving the public interest. "From the point of view of American museums, the art-market boom is an unmitigated disaster," wrote *Time*'s art critic Robert Hughes late last year in a woeful cover story. But why? Museums are the OPEC of art. They have a virtual monopoly on old masters and own a large proportion of the Impressionists, post-Impressionists, and so on. Economically, they are by far the biggest beneficiaries of higher art prices. So why have so many art mavens entered their blue period?

The reason of course is that museums only buy art, as a rule. They don't sell it. That is their great mistake. If museums could only overcome their anti-selling fetish, they could exploit the enormous power the art boom has given them. They might use this power for at least three different purposes.

First, to break the back of the art market, if they want to. The market is already shaky. There was talk of Picasso's *Au Lapin Agile* (*Time*'s cover picture) breaking the world record of $53.9 million set two years ago by van Gogh's *Irises* and hitting as much as $75 million; it went for $40.7. Manet's *Rue Mosnier, Paris, Decorated With Flags* was supposed to bring in $30 million to $40 million; it went for $26.4 million.

Revelations about fancy financing arrangements and other manipulative practices by the auction houses make it all look increasingly like a classic speculative bubble. William Grampp, a University of Chicago professor, notes in his recent book about the economics of art, *Pricing the Priceless* (Basic Books), that historically, art has never been a particularly good investment.

If the high priests of the art world really think that exorbitant prices are turning art into a commodity, corroding aesthetic sensibilities, spreading philistinism like a plague, and so on, nothing could be easier than bursting the bubble. The fact that the vast majority of great paintings are permanently off the market is what keeps prices so high. Even the possibility of a small fraction of these coming up for sale would cause prices to plummet. One museum alone, such as the Metropolitan or the National Gallery, could probably create a crash simply by threatening to dump a van Gogh or two.

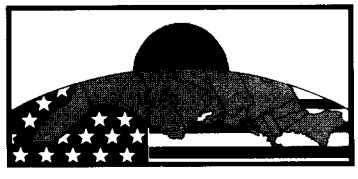
Billionaire publisher S. I. Newhouse is widely suspected of paying $17.7 million for a Jasper Johns last year in order to raise the value of the Johnses he already owned. Many might think that is a shrewder way to manipulate the market than driving prices down. But if museums are really determined to reduce the market value of their own collections, they could pull a reverse Newhouse and sell a masterpiece or two. They might even be able to buy them back again for less once the panic takes hold.

Second, rather than destroy their own newfound wealth, museums might wish to exploit it more efficiently. At any level of art prices, museums can afford almost any painting they want, provided they are willing to sell others. That is what the Museum of Modern Art did in November to acquire an important van Gogh, though it was needlessly defensive about the transaction. High prices don't prevent museums from improving their col-

continued on page 42

The headline-making bestseller—Now in paperback!

TRADING PLACES
How We Are Giving Our Future to Japan and How to Reclaim It
Clyde V. Prestowitz, Jr.



• With a new 85-page introduction by the author •

"For any serious student of our economic relations with Japan, Clyde Prestowitz's book is a 'must read'!"
–LEE IACOCCA

"Get this book. It pulls together in one place better information, analyses, perspective, and gossip than you're likely to find in any other single source." *–ROBERT NEFF, Business Week*

"In the best tradition of insider reflections, the book combines some of the passion surrounding events as they happened with the balanced perspective of a thoughtful post-mortem."
–JEFFREY E. GARTEN, New York Times Book Review

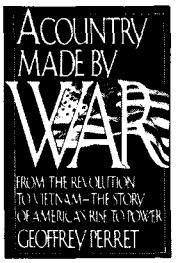
"One of the ten best business books of the year."
–Business Week

$12.95 at bookstores
BASIC BOOKS **BASIC BOOKS, INC.** 10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022
Available in Canada from Harper & Collins

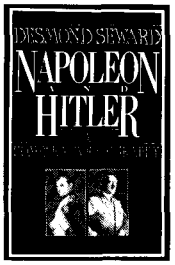
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

Plus a 4th at the low Members' Price. **NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.**

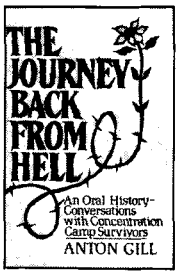


1719. $22.50/**$17.95**

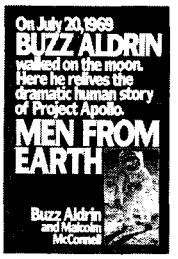


1891. $19.95/**$14.95**

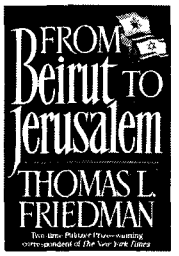
1875. $22.95/**$18.50**



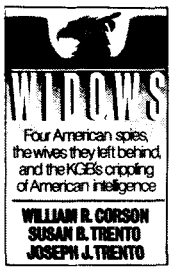
2121. $22.95/**$17.50**


On July 20, 1969
BUZZ ALDRIN
walked on the moon.
Here he relives the dramatic human story of Project Apollo.
MEN FROM EARTH
Buzz Aldrin and Malcolm McConnell

1735. $21.95/**$17.50**

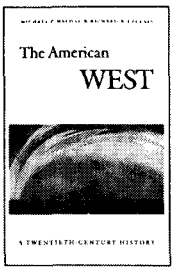


1925. $22.95/**$17.50**


WIDOWS
Four American spies, the wives they left behind, and the KGB's crippling of American intelligence
WILLIAM R. CORSON
SUSAN B. TRENTO
JOSEPH J. TRENTO

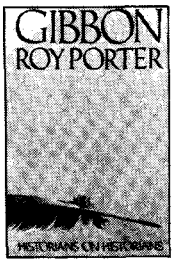
2345. $24.95/**$18.50**

2162. $27.50/**$21.50**

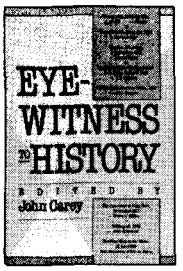


2675. $31.50/**$21.50**

2659. $22.95/**$17.95**

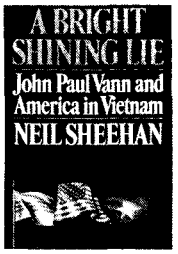


2022. $24.95/**$18.95**

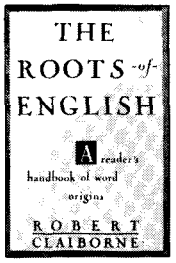


6007. $24.95/**$17.95**

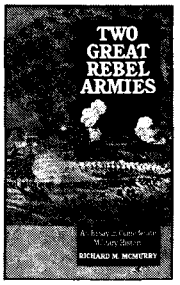
7526. $17.95/**$15.50**



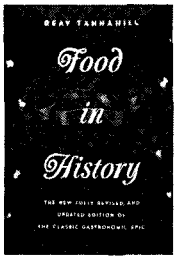
1495. $24.95/**$18.50**



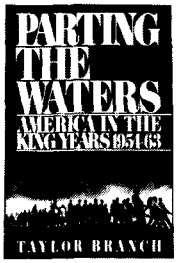
1933. $18.95/**$15.95**



9282. $22.50/**$16.95**



2410. $19.95/**$16.95**



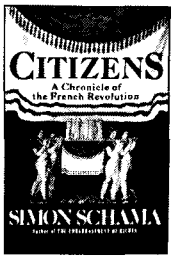
1081. $24.95/**$18.95**

2261. $18.95/**$15.50**

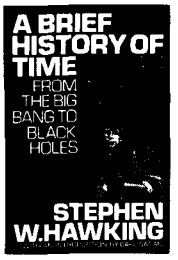
2428. $21.95/**$16.50**

1792. $22.95/**$18.50**

1701. $24.95/**$18.95**



1396. $29.95/**$21.95**



3087. $18.95/**$16.50**

Save on the best recent history titles.

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** is Members' Price.)

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price–plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

How the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 books featured each month. History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year (about every 4 weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing–the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth at the low Members' Price–plus shipping and handling.

H127-1-4

0-13

Name_____
(Please print clearly.)

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

© 1990 History Book Club, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Unbeloved modernoids

To the editors:

Just why is Herbert Muschamp so angry at Prince Charles ("The Winds of Windsorism," December 11)? Muschamp, it seems, doesn't like what Prince Charles doesn't like in Modern architecture (and what those "good folks," in Muschamp's rather patronizing reference, the ordinary people who support Prince Charles, don't like): the "prissy modernoid" Festival of Britain style, the brutalism that succeeded it. He sneeringly lists some of the prince's complaints, such as the "orgy of destruction, tearing down beloved landmarks, herding the populace into bleak boxes," but does he deny that "beloved landmarks" in great numbers were indeed torn down, or that the populace didn't like their bleak boxes? There must be a reason why we here (as well as they in Britain) are dynamiting high-rise public housing hailed only 20 or 30 years ago as the acme of enlightened Modernist architecture.

It seems that though Muschamp reluctantly agrees with many of the specifics in the prince's complaint about Modern architecture, he is upset that Prince Charles doesn't respect the intentions of Modern architecture that "in principle" should have produced better buildings and neighborhoods and cities. But we don't live in principles; we live in houses.

Muschamp really hits below the belt in charging the prince with obscuring the connection between "the architecture he values and the submerged social structure that kept it running smoothly." No "submerged social structure" is necessary to support the buildings and plans Prince Charles prefers. He is no elitist in architecture: he supports the community architecture movement, in which architects work with ordinary people to find out what *they* want. He doesn't want to deprive the working classes and the modest folk of some elements of—yes—ornament and tradition as well as those ordinary values in residential housing, a bit of earth or access to the ground and street, that even our benighted Victorian ancestors, whom Muschamp so derides, often granted them. The further suggestion that the prince is being colonialist or racist because of his liking Classicism is simply silly and outrageously unfair: the community architects work with black and brown people as well as white.

Muschamp concedes that Charles "has opened up a set of questions that can be useful. . . ." So what is his complaint? One suspects it is that the prince has intruded onto Muschamp's own professional turf and found enormous response (as Tom Wolfe did) in doing so. How dare he and those "good folks" who support him bring their unsubtle, historically deficient, and amateur eye into the discussion of architecture and planning? Had TNR reproduced a few of the pictures that the people who saw Prince Charles's television program sent in as examples of what they have to live with, Muschamp's case would have appeared paltry indeed, an attempt to assert rank authority and professionalism against common sense and taste.

NATHAN GLAZER
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Reading Herbert Muschamp means you have to spend somewhat more time with him than you might like. But once you unravel his tightly woven web of personal insults, it's a little easier to see that the material he has employed is wholly artificial. His pocket history of architecture is wrong in particular (the 18th-century French "show of initiative" by well-intentioned architects is a howler; formal, non-institutional architecture was a product of a changing economic climate, not the sudden awakening of compassion on the part of architects) and in substance.

Does Muschamp really think the Prince of Wales has gathered such widespread public support because he's a prince? Is it that non-specialists have no business trying to articulate a criticism of architecture? Or does he wish for us to embrace the many obvious shortcomings of Modern architecture without cavil or quibble? Does he not recognize, for example, the inescapable effect of denying specialists—doctors, lawyers, architects—an old-fashioned education, instead of the stilted vocational training provided by modern universities? What good, Muschamp might ask, for an architect to read Cicero?

DENIS BOYLES
Baltimore, Maryland

Merciless killing

To the editors:

In "To Be Or Not To Be" (November 27) TRB writes that Nancy Cruzan, who lies asleep in a "persistent vegetative state," would be "better off dead." But if her condition is like sleep, as it appears to be, why would death be better? Do we experience something worse than death when we sleep? If her condition really is like that of a vegetable, why would death be better? Would my houseplants be better off dead?

Those who knew Nancy Cruzan when she was awake have assured us that she would have preferred to die rather than live in this "degraded" state. Yet otherwise mature persons make such statements all the time: they would rather die than live in poverty or slavery or exile or prison or disgrace. And how many of these spoiled, self-proclaimed cowards really would kill themselves rather than endure such common conditions?

Is there a degree of pain that really is worse than death? This is the view of materialists and hedonists, who think the goodness of life consists of nothing more than a surplus of pleasure over pain. But even granting such shallow philosophies, if Nancy Cruzan is experiencing unendurable pain, and if it really is her good that is in question, why not simply give her drugs to control the pain? Why kill her, when the pain can be killed? And further, wouldn't killing her only cause her more pain—at least until she dies? Where then is the mercy in "mercy killing"?

In short, then, though there might be many good reasons for killing someone, mercy is simply not one of them.

GARY SUGAR
Chicago, Illinois

Lost in the punhouse

To the editors:

May I suggest that the individual who wrote those unfunny punning headlines ("Fetal Flaw," "China Cad," "Marxed Men," "Chopping Spree," "Coup du Jour") in the January 1 issue be exiled immediately to Beirut or, better yet, Panama City?

BURLING LOWREY
Washington, D.C.

Trump l'oeil

To the editors:

Regarding HR 2690, the artists' rights bill (Washington Diarist, "Troubling Questions," December 11): there are no figures kept on how much art is mutilated each year, but it is the rare artist who is without a story about a work ruined by a bureaucrat in a haze or a philistine in a rush.

In 1980, for instance, frescoes on the Manhattan Bonwit Teller building by Ely Jacques Khan were demolished in the night by Donald Trump to make way for Trump Tower, in spite of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's offer to move the frescoes at their own expense. Trump said the frescoes were without artistic merit.

continued on page 42

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

JANUARY 22, 1990

CIAO, CEAUSESCU

Of all the extraordinary images that flashed out of Romania during the final days of the decade, two linger in the mind's eye. The first is Nicolae Ceausescu's final speech in front of the presidential palace in Bucharest. As the crowd's compulsory ovation turns, incredibly, to jeers, a decades-long accumulation of anger pops like a blown gasket, and Dracula's pep rally becomes a revolution. Equally unforgettable is the companion piece: Ceausescu's disheveled corpse sprawled in the dirt, next to a bullet-pocked concrete wall. The two pictures are united by the face of the dictator, frozen first in shock and then in death.

With the resistance of the Securitate broken, the novelistic details of its reign of terror are finally making themselves known. Secret tunnels undergirded Bucharest, holding huge caches of food and weapons meant to enable the survivalists of socialism to hold out for months or years. Some may still be hiding, deep underground. Those captured are described as glassy-eyed robots with preternatural strength. The day after the revolution broke out, a rumor circulated that Securitate desperados were threatening to explode a nuclear device. Another made the rounds a few days later that they had poisoned Timisoara's water supply. That these fables were widely believed testifies to the ruthless sadism of Ceausescu's gangster elite.

There has been much exaggeration in the international press both about the number of people killed by Ceausescu and about the lavishness of the life he and his wife led. It is easier to conceive of despots as mass murderers who kill for pleasure, or as sybarites who feast on caviar while the masses toil and starve. But although Ceausescu was responsible for many deaths, perhaps many thousands of deaths, and though he surrounded himself with extravagant kitsch, mass murder and luxury were not the hallmarks of his brand of despotism. He developed a personal totalitarianism that was characterized by obsessive vanity, cultural vandalism, and a mad fantasy of complete control.

Ceausescu played the part of Big Brother to perfection. His face beamed down upon every office. Plazas were hung with enormous banners proclaiming CEAUSESCU—ROMANIA—PEACE. There was little in the Party newspaper *Scinteia* ("Spark"), or on state television, other than reports of his words and deeds. Often he was depicted extending fraternal greetings to his peers in the international brotherhood of villains: Amin, Bokassa, Qaddafi, Khomeini, Arafat, Deng. His appetite for flattery was insatiable: at Party conferences flunkies speechified relentlessly about the "morning star of Romania's national destiny . . . revolutionary tribune steeled in the working class's fight for safeguarding the Romanian people's vital interests . . . the national hero who with boundless devotion serves the supreme interests of all our people, and under whose wise leadership the Romanian people have registered the richest accomplishments in their entire history."

An unprecedented effort at thought control enforced the public's acquiescence. The police kept samples from every typewriter in order to identify anonymous letters and manuscripts. It was Ceausescu's apparently unrealized ambition to tap every phone in the country. Citizens had to report all contact with foreigners, which amounted to a prohibition. It has been estimated that one in three Romanians informed on his neighbors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This meant the meticulous accumulation of vast detail not just about political opinions, but about sex lives, friends, work. Privacy was all but non-existent. The few who dared to criticize were surveilled around the clock, held under house arrest, or jailed. According to *Red Horizons*, the memoir of defector Ion Pacepa, who headed the Romanian foreign intelligence service during the 1970s, imprisoned dissidents were bombarded with radiation in hopes they would die of cancer after being released. Elena Ceausescu was especially fond of this treatment, called *Radu*.

The result of these fantastic persecutions was, as the exiled novelist Herta Müller has said, to reduce Romania to a condition where literature, art, and culture simply ceased to exist. This was accomplished not only through intimidation but also through the physical eradication of symbols of independence. Ceausescu dynamited ancient churches, along with much of Bucharest's historic city center, to make way for Stalingothic monuments to himself along the Avenue of Socialist Victory. Under the barbaric "systemization" program, historic villages were flattened, some of them 700 years old, and their residents relocated in tower blocks.

Minority cultures were marked for destruction as well. Romania's two million Hungarians were proscribed from transmitting their language and history. No book could mention that Transylvania belonged to Hungary before it was made part of Romania in 1921. Germans and Jews were sold to West Germany and Israel for hard currency. (According to Pacepa, Ceausescu often remarked that "oil, Jews, and Germans" were Romania's top exports.) In the 1970s, according to former U.S. Ambassador Harry Barnes, freedom could be purchased for $10,000; Israel recently acknowledged that it paid $5,000 to $7,000 per head.

Because of this "liberal" emigration policy, as well as Ceausescu's supposedly "maverick" foreign policy, the United States maintained cordial relations with Romania, according it most favored nation status until 1987. The main fault was with the Jackson-Vanik Amendment, which linked MFN status too narrowly to the issue of Jewish emigration, excluding other human rights concerns. But also, as has been the recent case in China, realpolitik run amok fogged our moral compass. We, along with France, Britain, and West Germany, blindly took the Soviet Union's ostensible enemy as our friend. In fact, Romania's split with the Soviet Union was a cynical, and successful, effort to win cooperation from the West. Ceausescu played up his differences with the Kremlin without challenging the underpinnings of the Warsaw Pact in any serious way. Leonid Brezhnev, for one, never showed much consternation over this. Not until Mikhail Gorbachev came to power did the schism get serious, with the two heads of state fulminating against each other in public. (Ceausescu took to saying he had tried *glasnost* in the 1970s and that it didn't work. But his version amounted to little more than showing Elvis Presley movies on television.)

To many Romanians, death by firing squad seems too quick, too painless a punishment for the tyrant and his spouse. Indeed, the Christmas executions do not begin to settle the score for the terror and misery the Ceausescus visited on their once prosperous nation in 24 years of demented misrule. Just the same, the Christmas executions were a mistake. The Romanian people deserved to have the fate of the Ceausescus decided by a fair and public trial, even if the Ceausescus themselves deserved nothing. The same goes for the hated Securitate, who are still being captured, and sometimes, apparently, lynched. In the secret military tribunal that condemned the Ceausescus, the "defense counsel" didn't speak up except to condemn his clients at the end of the hearing. That is an unpromising beginning for a revolutionary government

The Nation Pays Homage To Its Leader

With profound love, esteem and gratitude our entire party, our entire socialist nation pay deep homage to President Nicolae Ceauşescu, General Secretary of the Party, President of the Republic, on the anniversary of his 70th birthday and of more than 55 years of glorious revolutionary activity devoted to the firm advance of our free and independent homeland, to its ever greater prestige in the world, to the cause of peace, socialism and international collaboration. A strong testimony of the unity of thought, will and action of the entire Romanian people, the homage which the party and the country pay to the beloved leader stems from the legitimate pride of living in an exceptional epoch made by an exceptional man. An epoch in which — through a natural act of national consciousness — the name of the country has been linked to the name of the man who steers its destiny. THE PARTY — CEAUŞESCU — ROMANIA : this identity defines an heroic time, a grand work of national revival, of building the new history of the socialist and communist homeland, a free and dignified country, by which a great personality embodies, in thought and deeds, the most genuine and luminous national consensus based on the legitimate pride for the unequaled achievements it scored and also on the strong confidence in the vast revolutionary and renewing prospects that offer the homeland the surest guarantee of its advance on the freely chosen path of socialism and communism, toward higher peaks of civilization and progress.

The entire Romanian people, bound by the loftiest revolutionary pledge to do its utmost for the strengthening of the socialist homeland's independence and sovereignty, for its continuing multilateral development, for its brilliant assertion in the world, pays these days a deep homage, expressing its deep gratitude to Comrade Nicolae Ceauşescu, General Secretary of the Party, President of the Republic — the most beloved son of the people, outstanding revolutionary militant, hero among the nation's heroes, architect of modern socialist Romania, of a society which fulfils, at the higher historical stage of the new system, the ideals of the forerunners, the maker of the Romanians' new destiny of national freedom and dignity, prestigious statesman of the contemporary world who, serving with abnegation and inexhaustible resourcefulness the country's supreme interests, has definitively guided the country on the road of the most fertile advancement : with his revolutionary thinking and action, with his inestimable contribution to the creative enrichment of world revolutionary theory and practice, through his vast work placed in the service of peace, international understanding and collaboration, for the defence of people's and nations' sacred right to free and dignified existence, for the building of a better and more just world, he raised the country's prestige to levels unattained so far.

On this occasion of great national celebration, our entire people expresses its deepest esteem and respect for Academician Elena Ceauşescu, DSc, luminous example of a revolutionary and politician, of a remarkable scientist of world repute, who makes an inestimable contribution to the activity devoted to the elaboration and implementation of the plans and programmes for the country's socio-economic progress, to the development of science, education and culture in our homeland, striving also for the attainment of the lofty ideals of peace, collaboration and friendship among all the world's peoples.

Proud of the great accomplishments of a glorious epoch, and most confident in the country's future advance on the road of fufilling its communist destiny, in freedom and independence, all the working people, the entire party, the whole people reassert on this occasion of vibrant patriotic and revolutionary feeling, the will to unabatedly march forward under the wise and daring leadership of Comrade Nicolae Ceauşescu, General Secretary of the Party, President of the Republic, conveying him, from the bottom of their heart, wishes of good health, long life and vigour, for the welfare, greatness and prestige of socialist Romania, for the triumph in the world of the cause of socialism and communism, of the policy of peace, independence and collaboration.

Happy Birthday!

TWO YEARS AGO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committed to a transition to the rule of law. The assertion of human and legal rights needs to include everyone, even the worst violators, if it is to be convincing. And a genuine trial for the Ceausescus would have been a useful public lesson in the mechanics of justice.

Safe passage to political health is far from assured. Unlike Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and even East Germany, which had established dissident groups waiting in the wings, Romania has only a ragtag assortment of people who happened to be in the regime's doghouse at the moment of crisis. Though they have come together as a National Salvation Council, the democratic credentials of some members are less than reassuring. The new figurehead, Ion Iliescu, for example, is a long-time Communist who was expelled from the Party's Central Committee in 1984 for advocating greater openness. His dubious qualification for leadership is that Gorbachev knows and likes him. Nor does Romanian history provide a model; the country has few strands of usable past to fall back upon. The brief experience of parliamentary democracy in the 1920s and '30s did not mark the nation as strongly as the era of the fascist paramilitary Iron Guard that smashed it, or the Stalinist People's Republic that succeeded the fascists.

The good news is that things cannot be anything but better in the future. But for real pluralism to emerge, Romanians have to do something far more drastic than punish their former persecutors. They have to begin to forgive them. A huge section of the Romanian population is compromised by what it did to survive under Ceausescu. The line between victim and victimizer is badly blurred. The worst crimes need to be punished, but—as in Spain, as in Argentina, and as in Czechoslovakia if President Havel gets his New Year's wish—there needs to be a truce until democracy finds its footing. The danger is that a general bloodletting will imperil the revolution's fragile achievements. What Romania needs is the total reconstruction of its political and social order. Until that process is well under way, recriminations had better be held in check.

THE ISRAEL FACTOR

Like other states, Israel maintained normal relations with Ceausescu's Romania. Unlike other states, Israel seems to be required to have special reasons for everything it does. In this case the most obvious reason was that Romania was the one Communist state that continuously maintained formal and normal diplomatic contacts after the Six-Day War. But Israel's relations with Romania were more than a symbol of normalcy for Jerusalem; the ties brought the Israelis concrete benefits as well. There were, for example, more Jews left in Romania after World War II than anywhere else in the region save the Soviet Union itself, and, for a price, the dictator allowed them to leave for Israel if they wanted. Moreover, he interceded with Moscow (when it benefited him) on behalf of Soviet Jews and their right to emigrate. Most important, to Israel at least, he made himself available as a middleman in negotiations between the Jewish state and the Arabs. He was among those who smoothed the way for Sadat's trip to Jerusalem and for the Camp David Accords that came out of it.

Ceausescu's independence on foreign policy aside, his regime behaved on the Stalinist model. It would have been awful if his stay in power had been prolonged even for one day by Israel—or, for that matter, by the United States. As it happens, the function of helping secure the dictatorship was performed not by Jerusalem or Washington but by the most radical Arab states, Syria and Libya, and by the Palestine Liberation Organization. When Ceausescu convened one of those interminable Communist rituals to celebrate the anniversary of his regime a short time before the winds from its neighbors swept it away, Yasir Arafat, alone among world headline-makers, was there to testify to his solidarity with the tyrant of Romania. While there, presumably, Arafat also visited with the PLO gunmen on assignment with the notorious Securitate. In any case those who cast their lot with the dictators have now reaped the whirlwind. In a demonstration against the regime shortly before its fall, student demonstrators held aloft pictures of Ceausescu swathed in a *kefiyeh*, the headdress favored by Palestinian militants and their Western sympathizers. The students of Bucharest know who really sided with their tormentors and assisted them in the exercise of power. At work here were the affinities of what was called, or called itself, "the anti-imperialist camp," in truth the last ideological empire in the world, and an evil one. For decades Israel was at the top of the enemies list of all who took their marching orders from Moscow and of some who didn't. But Moscow's marching orders are changing, and in any case are no longer heeded by the newly free citizens of Prague and Warsaw, of Budapest and Berlin. To them the nullification of Israel in Communist policy looks very much like the nullification of their own independence and identities. That is why the next month will see restoration of ties and the creation of bonds between the struggling proto-democracies of East-Central Europe and, for all its troubles and all its exasperating flaws, still the one true democracy in the Middle East.

AFTER PANAMA

George Bush's admirers, perhaps including himself, seem to have a vision of him as the incarnation of Frank Merriwell, the fictional Yalie all-American who as an avocation rousted criminals, rescued damsels, and effortlessly exemplified patrician selflessness and good manners. But Bush can never get it quite right.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the Geraldine Ferraro debate in 1984, he had to smirk to some longshoremen that he'd "kicked a little ass last night." In 1988 he overdid the necessities of highest-stakes politics by questioning Michael Dukakis's patriotism and mental stability, and by exploiting racial fears.

And in Panama President Bush was not content to order an American invasion that successfully delivered a captive nation from the gangster despotism of the Manuel Noriega regime. Bush had to rub it in by permitting American troops to blare a selection of deafening rock songs chosen for maximum taunt value (e.g., "Nowhere to Run" by Martha and the Vandellas) around the clock at the Papal Nunciate, where Noriega was holed up. The ex-dictator's ears were presumably split, but so were those of Vatican diplomats, who, like Noriega, prefer Mozart to Motown. All in all, it was a thoroughly juvenile episode. More seriously, in what Bush later declared a "screwup," U.S. troops sacked the Nicaraguan ambassador's residence, thus violating a principle of diplomatic immunity the United States has every interest in preserving—and risking the possibility that Nicaragua's Sandinista rulers might use the offense, along with the Panama invasion itself, as a pretext to cancel next month's elections.

Even so, the invasion was a creditable and in the end an unavoidable undertaking. Noriega, seized with megalomania, had had himself declared "maximum leader" of his country, had declared war on the United States, and had begun allowing his troops to attack American soldiers and their dependents. Had Noriega continued down that path, Bush might have been faced with the seizure of dozens or hundreds of hostages whose rescue might have risked even greater loss of innocent life than occurred.

We believe that Bush and the U.S. military should have been more mindful than they were of civilian casualties and of the need to preserve order in Panama. More than 300 were killed, many by American fire, but Bush in his first press conference seemed concerned only about American losses. It's true that U.S. troops were preoccupied with putting down resistance from Noriega's army and so-called "dignity battalions," but more military police units should have been dispatched to prevent the massive looting and burning that erupted amid the chaos.

Yet the invasion proper—carefully planned in advance by Gen. Maxwell Thurman, the commander on the scene, and Gen. Colin Powell, the new Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—was carried off swiftly and decisively. Except for faulty communications between special operations units and a flawed nighttime parachute drop in which most troops missed the landing zone and many were injured, there were none of the lethal embarrassments that characterized the Grenada invasion or the Iran rescue mission. Contrary to earlier worries in the press and the Pentagon, the operation did not prompt a guerrilla war in Panama or resentment from the population. Noriega inspired little or no loyalty, and Panamanians have been cheering their Yankee liberators.

It's true that if Bush had helped the military officers who staged an unsuccessful coup against Noriega last May, the regime could have been decapitated with much less loss of life, and with fewer diplomatic complications. But that coup would merely have removed Noriega as commander of the Panamanian Defense Forces, while leaving the PDF intact and in command of the country. The U.S. invasion not only removed Noriega but also led to the dismantling of the PDF, and it placed the legitimately elected civilian government of Guillermo Endara in charge of the country. The Reagan Administration might have undertaken such an invasion in 1988, when Noriega brutally overturned the results of a free election, but Pentagon doubters prevailed. This was the new President's first real opportunity to launch a well-planned invasion, and when Noriega made the mistake of declaring war on us, Bush took it.

The United Nations, the Organization of American States, and the Soviet Union condemned the invasion as one more example of U.S. interventionism. The Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes, one of America's foremost resident denouncers, said the invasion was "a disaster from whatever angle it is viewed" and said it contrasted badly with the forbearance being demonstrated by Mikhail Gorbachev. But all this criticism ignores the fact that—this time—the United States used its military power on behalf of human rights and democracy, not against those principles. And had the Romanian people and army not done the job first, wouldn't humanity have been well-served if Gorbachev had intervened militarily to topple Nicolae Ceausescu (as he intervened, nonviolently, to speed the exits of Erich Honecker and Gustav Husak)? It's painfully obvious that the appropriate international authorities, the U.N. and the OAS, were unable or unwilling to exercise their responsibilities to protect the innocent. Their reaction in the Panama case indicates that they have no idea what their responsibilities entail. (And if Moscow should use military force to keep Lithuania and Latvia chained to the Soviet Union, will Carlos Fuentes and the U.N. protest? Not likely.)

The U.S. intervention does not imply that this country deems itself called upon to repeat this behavior anywhere that laws or human rights are being violated. Panama is a special case, for several reasons: because of the treaties requiring the Panama Canal to be turned over to Panamanian authority (a process that was necessarily suspended while Noriega was in power, but is now going forth again); because of the particular danger that Noriega was posing to Americans; and because of the role of the United States in inadvertently putting Noriega (a former CIA and Drug Enforcement Administration "asset") on the road to power. He was our monster, and as his Dr. Frankenstein we had the responsibility of destroying him.

The Panama invasion was justified because of these special circumstances and because the invasion has re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAGAZINE THAT BROUGHT YOU THE HOTTEST DEBATE OF THE YEAR IS READY TO WARM UP YOUR WINTER.

IN THE WINTER ISSUE OF

THE NATIONAL INTEREST

Francis Fukuyama replies to his critics

• • •

Robert Bork describes the limits of "international law"

• • •

Jeane Kirkpatrick remembers "My Falklands War and Theirs"

• • •

Murray Sayle breaks ranks over the blame for Tiananmen Square

• • •

Morton Kondracke reviews the world according to Pfaff

• • •

Jean-François Revel muses on history's rear-guard actions

• • •

Charles Krauthammer begins our new series on "America's Purpose"

• • •

And much more

MARGARET THATCHER READS US.* MIKHAIL GORBACHEV READS US.
WHY WAIT UNTIL GEORGE BUSH CATCHES ON?**

Special introductory offer-4 issues for only $16.95.
Send in the attached card today or call 1-800-543-4860, Dept. 137.

*10 Downing Street request, September 14, 1989
**Speech at City Hall, Rome, Italy. November 30, 1989

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stored legitimate democratic government. It was less justified as part of the "drug war." There are times, and this was one of them, when the United States must act, as the old cliché goes, as "the world's policeman." (Someone must fulfill that role; it's the necessary concomitant to the idea of international law.) But it is unseemly and dangerous for the United States to assume the role of cop on the beat, invading a country to make a collar. The U.S. Justice Department has enunciated a doctrine justifying American arrests on the soil of other countries without their permission. This is a clear violation of international law, and it should be retracted. The way to fight drug wars properly is to do it in cooperation with other nations. Only in the rarest of circumstances—as when the leader of a country is himself a drug lord—should U.S. intervention even be considered.

The question remains—though it may be settled any hour—of what to do with Noriega now. Ideally, he should be tried for his worst crimes—murder, torture, massive theft—by the government of his own country. Despite the good we've done in Panama, we have deprived the Panamanians of the opportunity to effect their own deliverance. We've taken away their Gdansk, their Leipzig, their Wenceslas Square. But bringing their former dictator to justice and airing the evidence of his crimes could be a substitute catharsis.

The problem is that the Panamanian justice system is not ready for him. If the Vatican ultimately decides, once it's clear that the United States does not intend to remain an "occupying power," to turn him over to the United States as custodian for the Panamanian government, so much the better. He can be tried here—and all the evidence of past U.S. collusion with him should be aired, and not covered up in the name of "national security," as was done in the Oliver North trial—and then returned to Panama for trial there.

But Noriega's fate—beyond the assurance that his political career is over—is far less important than the other work that remains for America in Panama. There is an economy to rebuild and a democratic system to assist. Above all, we should be counseling the Panamanians to adopt Costa Rica's model of demilitarization. Panama has taken steps in this direction by replacing the PDF with a Public Security Force and by refusing membership to the worst elements of the PDF. But this is not enough. The PSF should become strictly a police force, not an army.

The Panama Canal does not need a Panamanian army to defend it; the Canal treaties allow the United States to intervene to keep the Canal open. The Panamanian people certainly do not need a Panamanian army to plot coups against their elected governments. As far as dangers from outside are concerned, the events of the past few weeks have established two things beyond doubt: first, that the only plausible military threat to Panamanian sovereignty comes from the United States; and second, that this is a threat no Panamanian army can counter, no matter how much U.S. aid it gets. The United States, of course, cannot command Panama to become like Costa Rica. With 100,000 guns loose in the country and hundreds of ex-PDF thugs around, Panama needs a strong police force to maintain order temporarily. But the Bush Administration should break with past tradition and stop encouraging powerful military structures in Latin America. There's no better place to start than Panama.

NOTEBOOK

LOCAL NEWS: *The Other Europe: The Rise and Fall of Communism in East-Central Europe* by Jacques Rupnik will be published next week by Schocken Books, a division of Pantheon. Rupnik, a fellow at the Fondation Nationale des Sciences Politiques in Paris and a senior commentator for the BBC, is also a frequent contributor to these pages. . . . Congratulations to Edward Rothstein, our music critic, who has won the 1989 ASCAP-Deems Taylor Award for his music criticism in TNR. It's the second time the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers has given him the prize. •

WASHINGTON SCENE

ALL RIGHTNIKS

By Daniel Gross and David P. Hamilton

"What matters is what matters. So let's remember what matters." This was the advice drug czar William Bennett offered his audience of eager conservative activists from such groups as Gun Owners of America, National Right to Life, Save Our Schools, and Young Americans for Freedom. They had assembled at Washington's plush Omni Shoreham Hotel in early December from all parts of the country to attend the first annual Conservative Leadership Conference, a weekend strategy session for would-be movers and shakers in the conservative movement. They had come, in the words of House Republican Whip Newt Gingrich, to learn "not only why the liberals are so bad, but how to beat them."

To judge from this gathering, however, "what matters" these days is circling the wagons. Ronald Reagan has gone back to California, the Berlin Wall is being sold for $75 a chunk, and pro-choice forces are dominating the abortion debate—all of which has left both old and new rightists increasingly worried about their role in the grand scheme of things. These hard-line

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservatives have convinced themselves that they stand alone and disorganized against a disciplined liberal juggernaut. Conservatism's unspecified liberal opponents are "determined, energized, willing to work," warned Paul Weyrich, president of Coalitions for America and a conference sponsor. "They are organized; we are not."

Conceived by Weyrich, Reed Irvine (founder of Accuracy in Media), and Morton Blackwell (president of the Leadership Institute), the conference was cosponsored by their groups and a gaggle of marginal right-wing organizations. "You will . . . have the opportunity to meet and ask questions of all the speakers," Gingrich promised in his autopenned invitation to 14,300 activists of all ages. "And they'll get to meet you."

Nearly 300 conservatives—a mix of grizzled old-guard warhorses and young, clean-cut, blue-blazered college men—answered the call. A handful of young women in floor-length skirts came along in tow. Few blacks or other minority types made the scene. Despite their youth, even the students were decidedly old-fashioned. At least for this weekend, men were men, women were ladies, gays were queers, Japanese were Japs, and Eastern Europeans were Commies. And the conference's elderly triumvirate—Weyrich, Irvine, and Blackwell—wandered about smiling avuncularly at their young charges, basking in their adoration.

In his keynote address, Bennett talked up the Bush Administration's successes and raged at liberals. "No more lectures from liberals about concern for poor people until they join the war on drugs." He equated Bush's drug plan with Eisenhower's invasion of Europe—"When they landed at Normandy, it wasn't the end of the war"—and larded his speech with familiar jeremiads against sex education, abortion, bad math scores, the lack of a national curriculum, creeping relativism, and soft-headed law enforcement officials. The audience ate it up.

But in the question-and-answer session, the dank underside of the conservative rock got exposed to the light. "Soviet defectors have revealed that drugs are used as weapons of political warfare directed at the U.S.," claimed one participant. Baptist minister George Lucas blamed the drug culture on "moral relativism and the teachings of John Dewey." Irvine pushed the idea of stringing up "drug criminals"—that is, anyone possessing even a tiny quantity of marijuana or cocaine. Bennett nodded sagely. "Hanging works, no doubt about it," he stated. "There's no recidivism."

Other speakers occupied themselves with more immediately practical matters. One was Grover Norquist, president of Americans for Tax Reform, who, as a Bush campaign functionary, claims to have discovered Willie Horton. In his workshop "Opposition Research: Search and Destroy," he enthusiastically explained the finer points of disseminating irrelevant and damaging information about political opponents. "This guy you've come to know as a slug—he's selling us out to the Russians or whatever—you have to convince the people that he's a no-goodnik." This means reading newspapers, particularly college papers and "all the left-wing rags." Norquist admitted reading the *Washington Blade*, a local gay newspaper, in search of ammunition to use against Congressmen and other officials who seemed to curry gay support. "But I carry it in a brown paper bag, or always carry something on top of it."

Norquist further advocated following an opponent to small groups in order to tape his speeches. "The more insignificant the group, the likelier it is that he'll say something stupid." Sure enough, in the next few minutes he summarized the goal of politics as "the seizure and maintenance of power," pointing out that "we really are playing who gets to run the world. . . . We lose the ballgame here and guys in Zaire are going to die." Asked how distorted attacks on Michael Dukakis differ from distorted attacks on Robert Bork, Norquist sniffed, "That's easy—I was working for the good guys."

Between sessions, participants flocked to an adjacent room where representatives of the sponsoring organizations set up information tables and distributed pamphlets, bumper stickers, and buttons. A few sophisticates stood admiring the works of self-proclaimed "comics commando" Dick Hafer, who proudly warned customers not to take his tract "Homosexuality: Legitimate, Alternate Deathstyle" to Canada, where it's been banned under that country's hate-literature laws. Other Hafer comics include "A Government Carol," in which the forces of Big Government cram liberal laws down the throats of right-thinking citizens by threatening to withhold their federal funding, and "AIDS is Looking For You," starring a toothy, slobbering virus who grins hugely while infecting homosexuals, promiscuous couples, and babies.

Back at the conference proper, serious issues were once again taking a beating. SDI stands for "Safe, Dependable and Inexpensive," claimed retired Gen. Daniel Graham, a former Strategic Defense Initiative Organization official and now a civilian cheerleader for the "peace shield." After describing SDI as the "centerpiece of real U.S. security needs," Graham showed part of the 30-minute scare video "One Incoming." Written and introduced by right-leaning techno-thriller scribbler Tom Clancy, the film features a bunch of wholesome Americans who get vaporized in bursts of white light when an accidentally launched Soviet missile melts the East Coast. Afterward, right-wing pitchman Charlton Heston strolls onto the veranda of a suburban home to reassure viewers that nuclear holocaust can still be avoided—if and only if SDI funding is preserved.

To the conference organizers and participants, the Soviet threat still loomed large. At a session on the balanced budget amendment, the ubiquitous George Lucas railed against defense cuts by explaining how "according to the book of Revelations, the Soviet Union is going to come against the U.S. from the north. . . . That's why the Soviet Union is coming against Israel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a bunch of black African nations." James Davidson, president of the National Taxpayers Union, remained skeptical: "Well, if it's ordained in the Bible, there's not much we can do about it, is there?" The non sequiturs took their toll, and the session dissolved in confusion.

Like Davidson, other conservatives were unimpressed by the biblical interpretation of the dying cold war. A few displayed a surprisingly bold imagination in their quest for a new adversary to replace the Soviets. According to S. Fred Singer of the Washington Institute for Values in Public Policy, "The new front of a threat to freedom and democracy around the world" is none other than environmentalism. Quoting from *Forbes*, Singer revealed that what environmentalists really want is "political control of the economy." His presentation meshed nicely with that of left-turned-right-wing radical David Horowitz, who depicted environmentalists as proto-totalitarians exploiting "nature, a constituency which cannot speak for itself," and motivated by "a hatred of humans as they are."

The task of forging conservatism's gleaming future fell to Gingrich, who spoke at the banquet ending the conference's first day. Reiterating his patented message of high-tech guerrilla populism, he urged conservatives to take to the airwaves. "If you become the chair of an organization and get three friends to become vice chairmen, you can get on any radio talk show in America. If you haven't been on the radio this week, you're failing the conservative movement." Gingrich offered three pillars of conservative faith: technological progress, basic American values, and entrepreneurship—such as offering kids $100 to read 50 books a year and paying them to skip grades. But even Gingrich, the new right's idea man, couldn't make it through the evening without a bit of hagiography: "Without Goldwater and Reagan we probably would have lost the cold war with the Soviet Union. That's probably true. Think about it."

The very mention of these hallowed names—especially Reagan's—typically generated spontaneous applause. George Bush, on the other hand, was barely mentioned. Except for Bennett, no one praised his leadership or lauded his right-wing credentials. Of course, conservatives have long suspected Bush isn't a true believer, and in those pre-Panama days, Bush had done nothing to alter their suspicions. As if the point needed emphasis, a conference brochure photograph showed Ronald Reagan handing a folded American flag to Dan Quayle. The caption underneath it read, "The Changing of the Guard?"

The lasting impression generated by the conference is that the hard right is angry. Angry at Bush for cooperating with Congress and dealing with Gorbachev, angry at the Soviet Union for going soft, and especially angry at C-SPAN's decision to slot cable coverage of the conference for 3 a.m. Irvine said, "I think that's a perfect example of something to write letters and make telephone calls about. The timing is outrageous, and we certainly have the right to protest." •

LEIPZIG POSTCARD

CITIZENS

By Robert Darnton

In November the people of Leipzig prayed to be delivered from the Stasi, the secret police. A week later, on November 9, their prayers precipitated a revolution. By the week before Christmas, they were praying *for* the Stasi.

Whether or not prayers really move mountains, they certainly mobilized the population of Leipzig, a place that once was a bastion of the Reformation and now is the capital of a revolution. Every Monday at 5:00 people crowd into four churches in the heart of the old city. Their pastors talk to them about Leipzig and the City of God. Laymen lead them in a round of prayers, taking their text from the Bible and the daily newspaper. The congregation links hands and sings the old Lutheran hymns. Then they walk out into the dark, polluted streets, holding candles and banners. Their ranks swell as other citizens join them and they gather to hear speeches from the steps of the opera house. Finally they march through the boulevards that ring the center city, a river of humanity swirling around the core of the old medieval town.

It is a curious ritual, without leaders, organization, or a program. For 12 weeks the Monday "Demos" kept the pressure on the government, and the whole country has followed them, as if one could gauge the pressure by keeping count of the demonstrators and as if everybody in the streets represented a vote against the Communist Party. On October 2 the crowd numbered 15,000; on October 9, 50,000; on October 16, 150,000; on October 23, 200,000; by November 6, 500,000—nearly the entire population of the city.

The numbers fell off somewhat as the regime gave in to popular demands and the Leipzigers began to organize parties in preparation for the May elections. But the Christmas "Demo" of December 18, the last of the year, included 150,000 persons. They formed a human chain all the way around the old city. The marchers were ordinary people from all classes, mothers pushing baby carriages, fathers with children on their shoulders, saying very little, simply carrying candles and bearing witness.

An hour earlier, in the Thomaskirche, the faithful prayed for peace, for their church, their souls, and the souls of their enemies; they prayed for Mikhail Gorbachev, and for Hans Modrow and Helmut Kohl, the leaders of East and West Germany, who were to meet for the first time on the following day; and they prayed for the Stasi, who had threatened to mow them down in the streets only a few weeks before. Now the Stasi are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being disbanded. Some have been sent to work in coal mines, but most cannot find jobs. Even the hospitals, which are desperately short of staff owing to the exodus to the West, refuse to hire them. The Stasi have become pariahs, and so the Leipzigers prayed for them. They prayed standing in the aisles, crammed shoulder to shoulder. The church could hardly have been so full when Martin Luther preached against the pope in 1519, or when Bach played fugues on its organ in the early 18th century. To hear them sing "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" is enough to make you believe it.

The Leipzigers needed such a faith when they took to the streets on November 9. Erich Honecker was still in power and had issued orders for the demonstrators to be shot. The Stasi were deployed along the parade route, armed with water cannon, tear gas, and live ammunition. The *Volkspolizei* had marched through town earlier in the afternoon and stationed themselves, with clubs, gas masks, helmets, and shields, at the main train station. The *Betriebskampfgruppen*, a kind of Party army notorious for dirty work, stood ready to intervene at the Hotel Stadt Leipzig. Rumors spread that tanks were poised at the outskirts of the city and that the army had been put on the alert in Cottbus, 150 miles away. Emergency rooms had been prepared in the main hospital along with extra supplies of blood.

The Stasi were ready to spill blood. Two days earlier demonstrations had erupted in a half-dozen cities as a protest against the 40th anniversary celebration of socialism in East Germany, which Honecker directed from East Berlin with Gorbachev at his side. In Leipzig the Stasi broke some skulls and arrested at least 30 demonstrators. The pastor of the Nikolaikirche received warnings that his church would be firebombed and his congregation shot if the demonstrators persisted. By the time of evening prayers on the ninth, the whole city expected a civil war to break out. But when the people filed out of the churches, there wasn't a Stasi in sight.

In retrospect, the decision to call off the police appears to have been the critical turning point of the East German revolution, the moment when the people stood up to the authorities and forced them to back down. As in the case of many historical moments, however, it is difficult to discover exactly what happened. Egon Krenz later let it be known that he had intervened. After he replaced Honecker as general secretary of the Communist Party on October 18, he needed to live down his reputation as a hardened apparatchik and as the man who had conveyed the Party's congratulations to the Chinese for the massacre of Tiananmen Square. "I was in Leipzig and declared there that we must find a purely political solution to political conflicts," he announced to the press on November 17—only to be confounded by the East German News Agency ADR, which reported that he did not set foot in Leipzig until four days after the demonstration.

In a recent interview Willy Brandt declared that Gorbachev himself had ordered the retreat, though it may be that Moscow merely sent some general warning against the use of force. Leipzigers tell stories, which cannot be verified, about Soviet tanks barring the way to East German soldiers. Whoever made the crucial decision, one man stands out as a key intermediary in the cause of peace: Kurt Masur, the director of the great Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig.

On the afternoon of November 9, Masur was to conduct a rehearsal of "Till Eulenspiegel." He called it off and telephoned five figures with some authority in the city: a theologian, an author, and three members of the local Communist Party responsible for cultural affairs. The group met at Masur's house at 2:30 and drafted an appeal for a "peaceful dialogue" between the citizens and the authorities as a way to save the situation. Apparently the appeal never reached the officials in East Berlin, including Krenz, who then was in command of all internal security forces. The first secretary of the party in the Leipzig region was sick, so it seems that someone just below him in the secretariat, whose name is still unknown, accepted the Masur appeal just in time to call back the troops at 5:45.

Gorbachev? Krenz? Or a faceless second secretary of the Leipzig Communist Party? However disaster was averted, the effect electrified Leipzig and the entire GDR. "We are the people," the rallying cry of the Leipzigers, has become a manifesto of popular sovereignty. The Monday processions have turned into a way of bearing witness for democracy. By walking peacefully through their streets, the Leipzigers have reasserted themselves as citizens of a city in the ancient sense of the word—a collectivity of souls rather than an agglomeration of buildings.

But it has not all been sweetness and light. An ugly variety of nationalism, tinged with neo-Nazism, surfaced in the demonstration of December 11. One banner read, "Germany with the borders of 1254—Naples is ours." Many marchers waved the West German flag and chanted, "Germany! Germany! A united fatherland!" Some confronted left-wing demonstrators with the salute of the neo-Nazi movement in West Germany: three spread fingers and an outstretched arm. There was angry shouting, which nearly led to fights.

Is right-wing nationalism a real danger? In a pre-Demo coffee gathering, a graduate student said he had heard anti-Semitic remarks directed at Gregor Gysi, the new leader of the Communist (or Socialist Unity) Party, who comes from a prominent Jewish family. One young historian said that neo-Nazism was a danger precisely because it has always been the biggest taboo in East Germany. In West Germany, he explained, former Nazis were reintegrated into business and government. They grew old, retired, and died off, while neo-Nazi fringe groups were confronted openly. In East Germany Nazism was repressed by its dialectical opposite, Stalinism. Now that the lid is off, the old, pathological nationalism may revive, and the common people may turn against the intellectuals.

The danger of a split between the intellectuals and the people was the main theme of a talk given at the university in December by Christa Wolf, the most in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fluential writer in East Germany. Like Masur, she called for a continued dialogue and a constant avoidance of violence. That is why the Christmas demonstration took place with such self-restraint. Members of the right raised a few banners appealing for reunification, but they were relatively mild and the demonstrators seemed to be moved mainly by the desire to pose before the television cameras, which have spread the alarm about right-wing nationalism throughout the land.

The demonstrations were suspended for the Christmas season, but they will resume on Monday, January 8. Why do they go on, when they have achieved all of their objectives: freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, free elections to be held next May? At the Christmas demonstration a Leipziger explained that the revolution is not over; a great deal could go wrong; the party is still capable of perfidy if not violence. And besides, as a nearby placard put it, "A Citizen's First Duty Is Mistrust."

ROBERT DARNTON, professor of history at Princeton University, is spending the year as a fellow at the Institute for Advanced Study in Berlin.

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

MEDICINE SHOW

By Robert Bazell

Recent news accounts seem to suggest that the two grand goals of AIDS research—a cure and a vaccine—are almost at hand. One proclaimed that doctors apparently eradicated the AIDS virus from a patient's body. The other described how scientists had immunized monkeys against a disease similar to AIDS. Unfortunately neither item reveals significant research progress. Both are depressingly reminiscent of past declarations of "the cure just around the corner" for cancer and other diseases, a corner that somehow is never turned. The reports appear at a time when AIDS activists and others are starting to question seriously just what the country's $600 million a year AIDS research effort is accomplishing.

The vanishing-virus story described a treatment carried out a year and a half ago on one man with both AIDS and a type of leukemia that often results from it. Doctors at Johns Hopkins Hospital treated the patient with a bone marrow transplant, chemotherapy, and the anti-AIDS drug AZT. Forty-seven days after the treatment the patient died, which in itself makes a sad joke of any claims of success. But the Hopkins researchers said that during the autopsy they found no evidence of the AIDS virus in the man's body. Many other scientists say such a finding means little. It is not uncommon for researchers using the most sensitive techniques to detect virus in the body of a person with AIDS one month, not detect it the next, and then detect it again. The virus can hide inside the genetic material of the body's cells and then reappear. So it is absurd to claim that the body is rid of the virus simply because one cannot detect it on a single day.

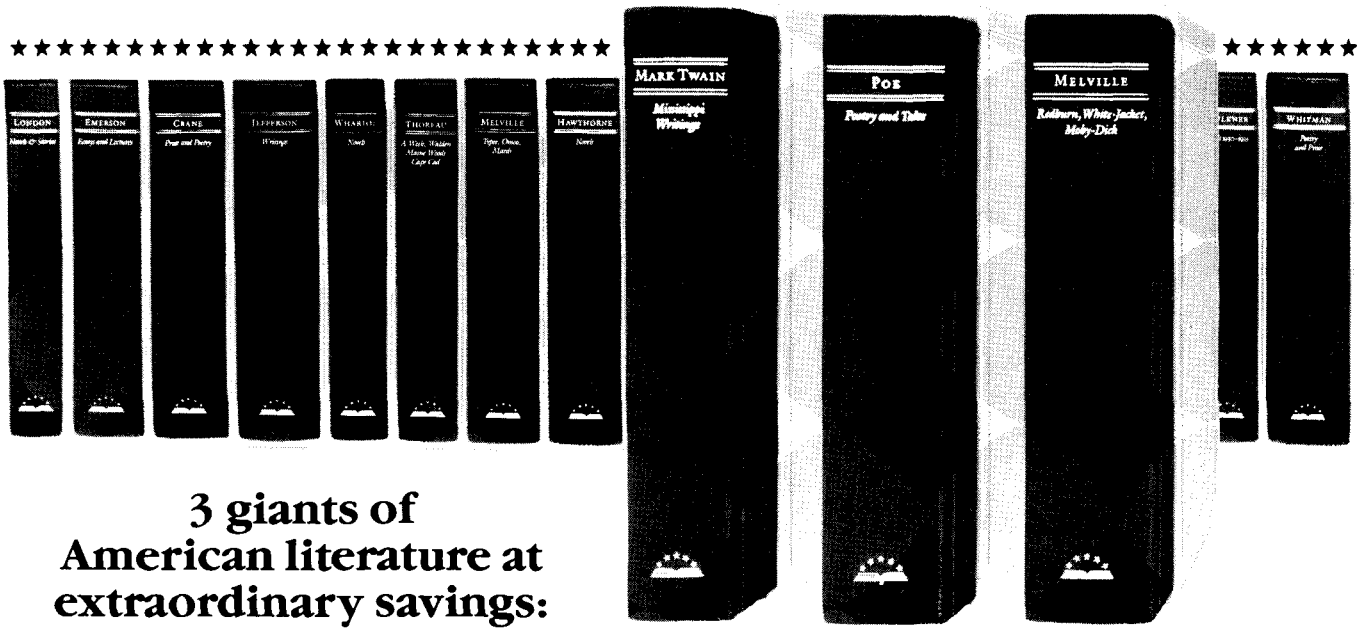
The Hopkins scientists first presented the results of this experiment last June at the International AIDS Conference in Montreal, where it received little attention from scientists or reporters. They then submitted it to the *New England Journal of Medicine*, which refused to publish it because, as one reviewer told me, "The results simply did not justify the conclusions." Finally the *Annals of Internal Medicine* published the results, and they were picked up as a front-page story in the *New York Times* under the headline "PHYSICIANS RID A MAN'S BODY OF AIDS VIRUS IN EXPERIMENT," and then carried by many other news organizations.

"To talk about this being a cure is totally out of the question," said Dr. Anthony Fauci, head of AIDS research for the National Institutes of Health. Fauci, an astute politician and highly regarded scientist, seldom criticizes the press. But he made an exception this time. "For this to be on the front page of the *New York Times* with all the implications that the front page of the *New York Times* holds is almost certainly going to raise the hopes of large numbers of individuals who are HIV-infected without scientific justification for the raising of hopes."

The monkey vaccine story, featured by many news organizations, did not miss the mark so widely, but many prominent scientists still saw it as stretched far beyond its significance. Monkeys contract a disease similar to AIDS (Simian Immune Deficiency Syndrome) caused by an equivalent virus. Researchers at Tulane University protected eight out of nine monkeys from infection by giving them a vaccine made from virus killed in the laboratory. Dr. Michael Murphey-Corb, the

ROBERT BAZELL is the science correspondent for NBC News.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



3 giants of American literature at extraordinary savings:

Take Twain, Poe, and Melville, all for $5.95

(Total pub. price $94.95)

Save $89.00 and enjoy a spellbinding welcome to award-winning Library of America, with no obligation to buy additional volumes.

This is a good time for you to take notice of the growing Library of America.

Right now you can acquire three of its acclaimed volumes for less than the retail price of just one. And what magnificent volumes they are:

Mark Twain. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer; Life on the Mississippi; Adventures of Huckleberry Finn; Pudd'nhead Wilson.* 1,084 pages.

Edgar Allan Poe. More than 70 tales and sketches including *The Fall of the House of Usher, The Cask of Amontillado, The Pit and the Pendulum, The Murders in the Rue Morgue.* His poetry, and *Eureka,* a prose poem. 1,408 pages.

Herman Melville. His classic works of the sea: *Moby-Dick; Redburn, His First Voyage; White-Jacket or The World in a Man-of-War.* 1,456 pages.

They will be sent to you, all three volumes, for $5.95 (a *single* volume regularly retails for up to $35). Then you may, if you wish, take additional volumes at our subscriber's discounts (up to 29%) but there's never any obligation to do so.

This special offer is our way of introducing you to one of the boldest publishing programs ever undertaken in the U.S.—The Library of America. With the support of the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford Foundation, we set out to preserve the collected works of America's greatest writers. Works that could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks or cumbersome anthologies—when they could be found at all—are now available in handsome, durable new editions.

Every work is complete, every word as the author intended.

In scrupulously accurate, unabridged texts, The Library also brings you all of Emerson, Faulkner, Henry James, Whitman, Crane, Cather, Thoreau...comprehensive collections of Franklin and Jefferson...and many other American giants.

The editions are uniformly beautiful. They're hardbound in natural cloth, with Smyth-sewn bindings (not merely glued) and strong spines that allow the books to open easily and lie flat for comfortable reading. Each volume has up to 1,500 pages of fine, opaque, acid-free paper—equal to three, four, even five books. Elegant and compact, they're a pleasure to hold and to read.

Great savings, and no obligation now or ever.

Let us send you *Twain, Poe,* and *Melville,* all for just $5.95, and extend to you our subscriber's privilege of reviewing other volumes and buying only the ones you want, always at discounts. Mail the coupon today, with your check or money order, and see these wonderful books for yourself. For even faster service, credit card holders can use our **toll-free order line: 1-800-321-6640.**

Praised for its scholarship, beauty and quality.

"A great wrong...set right." New York Times Book Review.

"...truly beautiful volumes that are a pleasure to have and to hold and hand down through the generations." Chicago Sun-Times.

"...the best and biggest, the finest-looking, and the longest-lasting edition of its kind ever made." The New Republic.

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

The only definitive and comprehensive collection of America's greatest writers

The Library of America
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me three volumes—*Twain, Poe,* and *Melville*. I may keep all three for only $5.95 (total pub. price $94.95). If I wish, I may return all three for a full refund. I have 15 days to decide. If I decide to keep them and subscribe to The Library of America, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. I understand each volume costs $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling. There's never any obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

☐ I am enclosing $5.95

☐ Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card No._____ Exp. _____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Offer limited to new subscribers, one per address. Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval.

8N17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head of the project, proclaimed: "We now know that a vaccine against AIDS is possible."

Dr. Roger Desrosiers of Harvard University commented, "I wish that were true. Unfortunately, it just isn't." Desrosiers performed a nearly identical experiment almost a year ago. (Two out of six monkeys in his experiment were immunized—but neither attempt provided complete protection.) In the Tulane experiment the monkeys were challenged with virus only once, at the time when they were most likely to be immune. A real vaccine must be effective for life. What's more, the researchers protected the monkeys against only one strain of virus; there are more than 100 strains of the human AIDS virus. And most important, as Dr. Dani Bolongnesi of Duke University said in a review article that appeared in the same scientific journal as the Tulane report, the monkey virus is not the human virus, "and subhuman primates are not the equal of humans."

During the first years of the AIDS epidemic, laboratories frequently generated genuinely newsworthy results. Researchers, after all, were studying an unknown disease. But many scientists now point out that AIDS research is "maturing," taking its place alongside the study of cancer and other long familiar afflictions. As a result, the findings increasingly concern technical details of little interest to the general public. For a while reporters and editors will continue to chase headlines while many scientists seek the attention and research money that often accompany them. But that cannot continue indefinitely, so it would seem logical that news of progress in AIDS research will slowly quiet down.

Many AIDS activists want to prevent that scenario. To date they have focused most of their energy on the Food and Drug Administration's drug approval process and the procedures for testing new treatments. Their main interest in basic research has been simply to try to get more money for it. But the activists are starting to question the research process itself, asking why it is not producing better treatments faster. "Our major goal in 1990," says Martin Delaney of Project Inform in San Francisco, "will be to make certain that AIDS does not become just another disease where years pass without significant progress."

Some scientists too have been critical of the AIDS basic research effort. According to Dr. David Baltimore, the director of the Whitehead Institute and a professor at MIT, AIDS research is neither adequate to the problem nor worthy of the scientific community. Baltimore is hardly a fiery radical. Soon to be president of Rockefeller University, he shared the Nobel Prize in 1975 for the discovery of the enzyme that allows the AIDS virus to replicate, and in 1986 he chaired a panel of the Institute of Medicine that was widely regarded as the best critique of the country's entire approach to AIDS.

Baltimore contends that the scientific efforts to cure and treat AIDS should have been organized into a centrally directed program where a small group of top scientists set specific goals and coordinate the research to maximize the chances of success. This is generally how industry conducts research when it wants to achieve specific goals. Instead, AIDS research has been funded for the most part with the same loosely coordinated mechanisms the NIH uses to support most biomedical research. Fauci and many others insist this is the best way to ensure that we are guided by the best science. "The one thing you don't want someone to tell a scientist is, 'You shouldn't be doing this, or you should be doing that,' " Fauci says. "They understand what needs to be done, and they'll do it." To which Baltimore replies: "Scientists understand what they want to do, but that is not necessarily what needs to be done."

Under the current funding system, Congress allocates a specific amount each year to each of the 12 NIH institutes that are charged with supporting research pertaining to their broad areas such as "Heart, Lung and Blood" and "Child Health and Human Development." Congress seldom specifies in any more detail how the money is to be spent. Congress has mandated that certain amounts must be spent on AIDS research, but it is up to the staff of an institute to decide whether particular studies relate to AIDS. In fact, many scientists say privately that as Congress allocated more money for AIDS research, projects in areas such as basic immunology that previously might have been justified in terms of cancer or other diseases were simply renamed as AIDS research.

The NIH carries out some research on its campus in Bethesda, Maryland, but most of the budget goes to scientists at universities and other facilities around the country, to pay for so-called investigator-initiated grants. A scientist submits a proposal. A group of other scientists in the field, called a "study section," reviews it and assigns it a score based on merit. Then the institute's staff, with the direction of a council composed of scientists and some lay people, decides which grant applications will be funded.

In theory this system allows for the unfettered creativity of American science. Scientists submit their ideas, and the best get funded. The magnificent accomplishments of American biomedical science testify to the success of the system, but it is not without flaws, especially in the face of a crisis such as AIDS. First, it is wasteful. Often several laboratories employ the same methods toward the same goals. At one point at least seven laboratories were in a frantic race to isolate the molecule (CD4) on the surface of cells to which the AIDS virus binds. The hope was that it could be an effective drug. (So far it hasn't been.) Many times during the course of the AIDS epidemic, scientists have accused one another of withholding key information and materials in order to obtain personal credit for their achievements even though the failure to share might have slowed the entire research effort. Biomedical science functions as a cottage industry with hundreds of laboratories operating independently and competitively.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Second, as the AIDS epidemic has demonstrated vividly, the NIH funding system is slow. Scientists always wait nine months and can wait two years or more to get their money for an approved project. "The NIH system is such that there are certain time constraints built in that are very difficult to avoid," says Dr. Mathilde Krim of the American Foundation for AIDS Research, which has been raising money to support research that the NIH has been slow or unwilling to pay for.

Perhaps most important, the NIH system of waiting for investigator-initiated grants does nothing to evoke new ideas. Explaining why the NIH took years to fund outside research in AIDS after the disease was recognized, Fauci says, "It wasn't the government saying we're not going to be funding it. It was the investigators who didn't come up with the ideas."

But ideas do not emerge spontaneously. Many scientists working on AIDS say they would welcome new mechanisms to generate ideas that they could submit for funding. "It is supposed to happen through meetings and journals, but it doesn't," says Dr. Jeffrey Laurence of Cornell. "By the time you read a presentation in a journal or hear it at a meeting, the idea is months, sometimes years, old."

Some researchers even believe that the current NIH funding system actually stifles creativity. Scientists say many laboratories prefer to plod ahead with a research program that is sure to get funding, even if it is irrelevant, rather than attempt new approaches that might produce more valuable results. "The NIH is terribly passive, and I think it locks out the unconventional," says Dr. Charles Cantor of the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory. "Study sections by and large are unwilling to support something which doesn't look like it is fairly certain to succeed." As a result, many scientists admit privately that their applications are shams, designed to please the study sections but bearing little resemblance to the research actually carried out in their laboratory.

The NIH financing system serves another function that the AIDS epidemic has highlighted. Its sluggishness and complexity isolate scientists from lawmakers and people who lobby them for money for various diseases. It is difficult for an outsider to know whether the money is being spent in a way that will produce the best results. Dr. Theodore Cooper, now chairman of the Upjohn Company, was director of the Heart, Lung and Blood Institute. "The political reality" at the NIH, he says, "is that much support comes from people who want to control diseases, special interests if you will. But the people who run the store understand that there has to be a strong underlying base of knowledge-generation, and they do what is necessary to obtain it."

Put another way, the system allows researchers to get taxpayers' money to do what they wish—which is usually basic research as opposed to applied studies that might yield specific treatments. No one would argue that basic research is not necessary. But it is almost impossible for an outsider to determine when the basic science is lingering too long.

A coordinated effort against AIDS could cut through many of the difficulties. But the mention of directed research evokes a defensive howl from most biomedical scientists, who see it as an assault on their intellectual freedom. They say that politics, not science, will determine what is done in the laboratory. As evidence they point to the ossified research institutions in many European countries, where the politically appointed director tends to determine who gets the money—often with few results. They also recall the early years of the U.S. War on Cancer in the early '70s, when directed research produced little more than waste. But Baltimore and others say it need not be so. They say the cancer effort failed because researchers lacked the basic knowledge for a coordinated program, which is not the case with AIDS, where the infectious agent and its consequences are well understood.

Directed science has been a way of life in particle physics, astronomy, and other physical sciences for many years. Those scientists depend on large, expensive machines such as accelerators or telescopes, and someone must decide who gets time on the machine. One of the director's first responsibilities is to eliminate weak or repetitive research. No one claims that these areas of physics or astronomy have suffered because of central direction.

More important, biomedical science, indeed the NIH itself, is adapting directed research, not to try to cure AIDS or another disease, but in its effort to determine the structure of the entire human genome. Dr. James Watson, co-discoverer of the structure of DNA, directs the project for the NIH. Central direction is necessary, he says, because the sequencing of the human genome "won't happen over a reasonable time if you don't put together a coordinated program."

Many people, of course, would offer the same argument about the search for better treatments for AIDS. Mark Harrington of the New York chapter of the AIDS activist group ACT UP regards directed research as an immediate necessity to save lives. Among other things, Harrington would like to see large-scale screening programs to try to find new drugs—not to try to prevent the growth of the AIDS virus itself but to try to better treat the infections that actually kill people with AIDS. "This is not the study of the virus, the glamorous stuff that has gotten all of the attention and most of the money," Harrington says. "There are no Nobel Prizes here. But it is research that could produce drugs that would allow a lot of people to live longer."

Throughout the years of the AIDS epidemic many groups have tried to move results more quickly from the test tube to the patient's bedside, usually with little success. But the AIDS activists, with their youth, education, and determination, have managed to change the drug approval and testing process more than most scientists thought possible. It remains to be seen whether they will be able to push the AIDS research establishment so that it generates more hope than hype. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE JAPANESE MEGAPHONE

By John B. Judis

Last January Kaoru Kusuda, a slight young woman who joined the Japanese foreign service after graduating from Keio University, arrived in Washington after tours of duty in Great Britain and Singapore. Kusuda, the first Japanese official especially assigned to monitor Washington think tanks, says, "The embassy and the foreign ministry think it is an important thing to follow their activities."

Kusuda's arrival was the latest move in Japan's massive effort to influence American opinion—an effort made more urgent by growing American resentment of Japan's $50 billion annual trade surpluses. According to Pat Choate, a vice president of TRW and Japan critic, who is writing a book on Japanese lobbying, Japanese government agencies, corporations, and foundations spent $150 million in 1988 and $250 million in 1989 trying to win American "hearts and minds." This is far more than any other foreign country spends. Moreover, unlike the funds spent by Canada and Great Britain and their companies, the Japanese contribution is part of a concerted political and economic strategy.

Some of this money is directed toward what the Japanese call "good corporate citizenship," but much of it is aimed at reinforcing the viewpoint of the Japanese in the raging American debate over trade and foreign investment. Currently they are targeting their funds on scholars and think tanks that blame the trade deficit on American fiscal or corporate policies rather than on Japanese trade barriers or state-subsidized export strategies. Not surprisingly, the Japanese have avoided funding proponents of "managed trade" who believe that Japan must agree to specific increases in its imports. "What the Japanese are trying to do is maintain the status quo," says Donald Hellmann, professor at the University of Washington's Jackson School of International Relations.

According to Choate, the Japanese also spent a minimum of $100 million last year hiring Washington lawyers and public relations experts. Most of those hired have been what Washingtonians call "Guccis"—$350-an-hour former legislators or government officials like former Republican Cabinet official Elliot Richardson or former Carter White House aide Stuart Eizenstat. Through these prestigious ex-officials, the Japanese expect to influence Congress and the White House policies on trade and investment. Last year, for instance, Japanese companies tried to keep semiconductors and telecommunications equipment off the Administration's list of products that Japan was refusing to import and to block Congressional efforts to fund American consortia in high technology.

There is nothing illegal about Japan's funding of think tanks and academics and hiring lobbyists. Nor is there any evidence that Japan's contributions have led scholars to reverse their positions. Without Japanese funding, policy experts would still be arguing about what causes American trade deficits and whether Japan's investments in the United States are a boon or a bane. But the hundreds of millions that Japan is spending annually are tilting the debate about America's economic future without the public being aware of it. The Japanese are radically reinforcing opinions that mirror their own. "It's like giving certain people a megaphone and forcing everybody else to shout," Choate says.

The money is also creating what the Japanese call "structural corruption"—a kind of systemic bias that does not require conscious acts of corruption but yields much the same results. Government officials in the U.S. Trade Representative's office and the Commerce Department are constantly tempted to allow their negotiating stance to be colored by lucrative future employment possibilities as Japan lobbyists. Two years ago Robert E. Watkins, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for automotive affairs and consumer goods, resigned after the Associated Press reported that he had sent about 500 letters and résumés to companies including Mazda, Toyota, and Nissan, describing himself as "uniquely qualified to establish and lead an automotive association committed to market principles."

Academics and think tanks are subject to similar temptations. The graduate student in Japan studies worries about who is going to fund his research, and the resident fellow at a think tank, who now has to raise his own salary, worries about how he is going

JOHN B. JUDIS is senior editor of *In These Times* and author of *William F. Buckley, Jr.: Patron Saint of the Conservatives* (Simon and Schuster).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to do so without substantial Japanese contributions. Hellmann says, "If you've got academic institutions and think tanks pandering to where the money is, then you become unable to generate new ideas and policies."

I.

The Japanese are especially interested in think tanks because they play a critical role in Washington, translating academic research into policy recommendations. Think tankers like the Brookings Institution's Robert Lawrence frequently testify in Congressional hearings on U.S.-Japan issues. Think tank reports also carry considerable weight in policy debates. Administration and Congressional critics of the Omnibus Trade Bill relied heavily on an Institute for International Economics study of U.S.-Japan relations. The study, partially funded by the U.S.-Japan Foundation, claimed that a "complete elimination of Japanese trade barriers" would reduce the trade deficit only by $5 billion to $8 billion. "People were always citing the institute's research to show that the trade barriers were minor," says former Commerce Department official Clyde Prestowitz, a leading Japan critic.

The Japanese first approached Washington think tanks in 1972, after President Nixon slapped a ten percent surcharge on imports, but they were initially rebuffed. According to a former Brookings fellow, when Sumitomo Bank offered the Brookings Institution a million-dollar grant that year, then Brookings President Kermit Gordon turned it down because the money came from "a foreign lobby."

In the intervening years, however, Washington's think tanks lost whatever qualms they had about accepting Japanese grants. With the rise of new conservative think tanks such as the American Enterprise Institute (AEI) and the Heritage Foundation and the decline in contributions from large American foundations such as Rockefeller and Ford, Washington's think tanks began to compete aggressively for funding. Most of the major think tanks in Washington, from the liberal Brookings to the conservative AEI and Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS), now gladly accept funding from Japanese firms and foundations. The exceptions are the liberal Economic Policy Institute and the new right Free Congress Foundation, which favor aggressive trade policies: they have neither wooed nor been wooed by the Japanese.

The Japanese funders have sometimes sought immediate returns for their money. When Nomura Securities funded a Brookings-sponsored annual conference on Japan with other think tanks, Brookings officials became upset when Nomura tried to set the agenda. Brookings Senior Fellow Ed Lincoln explains, "The Japanese just don't have the same kind of eleemosynary background in their society, and the first thing they ask when they give money is what do we get."

In the face of this pressure, some think tanks have allowed the Japanese funders unusual kinds of influence. One of the first major Japanese grants after Ronald Reagan's election in 1980 went to CSIS. Housed on six floors of a K Street office cube, CSIS has been a major outlet of conservative foreign policy opinion. It is chaired by former NATO Ambassador David Abshire and still advertises a connection with former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. It specializes in private briefings for political and business leaders.

In early 1981 CSIS accepted a million-dollar endowment from Toyota to found a chair of Japanese studies, the appointment to which would be for two-year nonrenewable terms. CSIS calls it their "Japan chair," but Japan specialists sometimes refer to it derisively as the "Toyota chair." Unlike universities, which customarily do not allow firms or individuals who endow chairs to have any say over who is appointed to them, CSIS consults Toyota officials about who is appointed. Appointees are also expected to give Toyota officials special briefings when they come to town. Former Treasury official C. Fred Bergsten, the director of the Institute for International Economics, thinks CSIS has gone too far. "To consult with any funder compromises the independence and integrity of an operation based on analytic research," he says.

Brookings, the oldest of the think tanks and traditionally a source of Democratic administration officials, began accepting Japanese grants in the early '70s, but it insisted that Japanese firms donate their money to American foundations like the Japan Society, which then gave grants to Brookings's general fund, where Brookings's administrators parcelled it out. Last fall, however, Brookings accepted a major grant from Japanese business to endow a permanent chair in international economics, named after former Treasury official Robert Roosa. According to Brookings officials, the three funding organizations, the Federation of Tokyo Bankers Association, the Life Insurance Association of Japan, and the Japan Securities Dealers Association, will not be consulted on who fills the chair or on the kind of work produced. But Ed Lincoln worries that accepting the gift was a "significant step" for Brookings. "The chair deals with international financial issues, but that is only one step removed from being directly involved with Japan." The pressures raised by such a gift are obvious. If Brookings were to appoint a critic of Japan's trade practices to the new chair, it might have trouble getting further gifts from Japanese companies.

The Committee for Economic Development (CED), a policy group based in Washington and New York, has played an important role in influencing government fiscal policy. But its ties to Japanese firms and lobbyists raise questions about its intellectual independence in addressing U.S.-Japan issues. Owen Butler, the chairman of CED and a former chairman of Procter & Gamble, now serves as a salaried senior adviser to Daiwa Securities America, the American subsidiary of the Tokyo financial firm. This fall Daiwa donated $1 million to CED for a program named after Butler.

CED produces biannual reports on "United States-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan Trade Relations" with Keizai Doyukai, the Japan Association of Corporate Executives. The reports themselves are funded by the United States-Japan Foundation, whose money comes from the Japan Shipbuilding Association. The current report could be labeled the "Nissan report." CED chose former U.S. Special Trade Representative William Eberle, the president of a firm that lobbies for Nissan, to chair CED's committee. Keizai Doyukai's committee was chaired by Takashi Ishihara, the chairman of Nissan.

The 1989 report predictably reflected the view being promulgated by Japan and its Washington lobbyists. For instance, it blamed the trade deficit primarily on the U.S. budget deficit, and warned that citing Japan for trade barriers under the bill "could trigger a protectionist spiral." It rejected a "managed trade" strategy favored by some of CED's business members. Such a view by itself is intellectually defensible, but it was not intellectually defensible to present this view, as CED did, as the result of the deliberations of independent American and independent Japanese businessmen.

II.

The Japanese heavily fund Japan studies programs as well as think tanks. Chalmers Johnson, a Japan expert at the University of California, San Diego, estimates that Japan funds about three-quarters of university research about Japan. Like the think tanks, the Japan studies programs face the challenge of maintaining an environment of disinterested objectivity while seeking funds from donors very interested in the results of the research. Some of the programs have clearly failed to meet this challenge.

Washington's Reischauer Center for East Asian Studies, which is part of Johns Hopkins's Paul Nitze School for Advanced International Studies, doubles as a think tank and a graduate school. From its building down the street from Brookings, it not only teaches students but also publishes papers and holds conferences for legislators and business leaders. The Reischauer Center has always been unusually dependent on Japanese political and financial support, which has created concern among some academics. Johns Hopkins officials announced the formation of the center in Tokyo in June 1984 at the same time as it awarded Japanese Premier Yasuhiro Nakasone an honorary degree.

The center made Nakasone the honorary chairman of its advisory council, and in 1987 the Japan Shipbuilding Foundation endowed a chair at the center in Nakasone's name. In raising funds, one former faculty member says, the center has "peddled the Nakasone connection." For instance, in the center's promotional film, its director, George Packard, attributes the founding of the Reischauer Center to Nakasone's "extraordinary kindness and encouragement."

According to Packard, the center gets about ten percent of its annual budget, or $300,000, from Japanese sources—a large amount, considering the contribution of student tuitions and the fact that the center also covers China and Southeast Asia. Donors include Japanese government agencies and major Japanese corporations, among them Toyota, Sony, All Nippon Airways, Nomura Securities, and NEC. The chairmen of these corporations and a representative from Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) have sat on the center's advisory council.

The center's annual reports on U.S.-Japan relations mirror Japanese positions. In the center's 1988 report, which was funded by Equitable Japan and the Nissho Iwai Corporation, it denounced the Omnibus Trade bill, passed with wide Senate and House support and signed by the President, as "protectionist." The center's report also referred to the "alleged dumping" of Japanese semiconductors, even after an official Commerce Department finding that dumping had occurred. (Such an assertion proved too much even for Japanese semiconductor industry lobbyist Stanton Anderson. "Under U.S. dumping laws, dumping occurred," Anderson told me. "Nobody challenged that.")

The Japanese themselves tend to think of the center as a lobby. The Japanese newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* included an account of the center's activities in a 1985 article titled "The Fifth Branch of the U.S. Government: Lobbyists." Robert Angel, a political scientist at the University of South Carolina, says: "Japanese government and business public relations types seem to interpret the center's appeals for funding as an opportunity to support a public relations platform in Washington."

Packard, a former aide to Ambassador to Japan Edwin O. Reischauer, is both director of the center and dean of the Nitze School. Packard is also a business consultant on salary to KRC Pacific Partners Limited, which advises American and Japanese firms. He writes advertorials for the Japanese Chamber of Commerce in New York. He has served on the board of Telejapan, a Japanese television company that produces what it claims to be independent shows for American television. Former *Newsweek* reporter Kim Willenson quit the board after learning that officials of MITI were supervising Telejapan. Willenson says that Packard told him he was "making a mountain out of a molehill."

Packard denies that either his own outside connections or the Japanese contributions to the center have any bearing on its teaching or publications. "We are uninfluenced by Japanese money," Packard says. Packard dismisses his academic critics: "In the academic world, there is a bitterness toward those who try to explain Japan's side."

But the center and Packard have what Chalmers Johnson calls a "truth in advertising problem." If the center were billed as a joint operation of Japanese and American businesses, and if Packard were presented on television or in op-ed pieces as a consultant and fund-raiser with links to Japanese companies rather

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than simply as an academic dean, then the public would not be misled. But when the center and Packard both present themselves solely under the guise of disinterested scholarship, the public is indeed being fooled, and the debate over U.S.-Japan relations is being corrupted.

III.

To influence directly the White House and Congress, Japan has assembled a virtual who's who of lobbyists and advisers in Washington. The Japanese have hired more than 110 former government officials. Almost every important ex-trade official works for the Japanese in some capacity. These include three former U.S. trade representatives: Eberle; William Brock, who advises Toyota; and Robert Strauss, who is a senior partner in the law firm Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer, and Feld, which lobbies for the Japanese electronics giant Fujitsu, and who, according to a Toyota representative, advises that company.

Most of the top Democratic and Republican Party officials work for the Japanese. Last December, when the Democratic Party was going to choose a chairman, three of its four leading candidates—Ron Brown and former Representatives Jim Jones and Michael Barnes—all represented Japanese firms. Former Democratic chair Charles Manatt represents Japanese firms, and when Hogan and Harston's Frank Fahrenkopf was Republican chair, he helped one of his law firm's Japanese clients gain entrée to the Department of Commerce.

Many lawyers and public relations men who enjoy or have enjoyed high White House connections work for the Japanese. These include former Eisenhower White House aide Robert Gray, former Nixon aides Leonard Garment and Stanton Anderson, former Carter domestic policy chief Eizenstat, and former Reagan and Bush campaign aide James Lake.

Some government officials who become lobbyists reenter government as trade negotiators. The Bush Administration's U.S. Trade Representative, Carla Hills, hired Julius Katz of the public relations firm Hill and Knowlton as her deputy. Hill and Knowlton represents more than 25 foreign firms and government agencies, including Toyota, Hitachi, and the Japan Trade Center. When Katz's appointment was announced, the general manager of Hill and Knowlton circulated a memo in which you could practically hear the spinning of the revolving door. "I thought you might want to write Jules a note of congratulations," the official prompted. "Obviously, he is with us until his confirmation and perhaps he will return after a stint with USTR."

Japan and America's other economic rivals do not condone these sorts of interlocking relationships between their own governments and foreign lobbyists, reasoning that they make it too hard for the government to distinguish between its interests and those of its competitors. In Japan no self-respecting lawyer, let alone former government official, is willing to lobby for an American company. "They would be seen as paid men," one Japanese official remarked. But what is culturally and morally forbidden in Japan is accepted procedure in contemporary Washington. "In Washington," Chalmers Johnson says, "the fix is always in."

This army of lobbyists and advisers furnishes Japanese companies with the troops necessary to win battles in Washington. The Japanese usually know what the Administration plans to do before most Administration members do. Through their lobby and their funding of think tanks, the Japanese have also acquired a virtual monopoly of economic expertise. When House or Senate members want to learn about a complex trade issue, they will almost inevitably fall back on someone who is an adviser to, a lobbyist for, or a recipient of funding from the Japanese. When the House Ways and Means Committee held a retreat in 1986 to discuss trade legislation, journalists Doug Frantz and Catherine Collins recently reported in *Selling Out*, they invited Strauss and Eberle to brief them.

When a policy organization names a distinguished group of experts to develop a position paper on trade, Japan's lobbyists invariably lead the list. The Council on Foreign Relations appointed a multinational working group last year to develop a paper on "Business and Government in an Interdependent World." The Americans included Eberle and former Deputy Trade Representative William Walker, who also lobbies for Japanese firms.

Through its lobbyists and advisers Japan also has unprecedented clout and access in the White House and Congress. In the Bush White House, Stanton Anderson commands the attention due a friend and a key fund-raiser for the 1988 campaign. When Congressional Democrats vote, they are likely to take seriously the recommendation of a former Democratic official who now commands party influence and fund-raising resources. "If you're a Democrat and a protectionist, you run up against Chuck Manatt, Bob Strauss, and Ron Brown," says one lobbyist for a domestic manufacturer. "If you're interested in your career, why bump up against these powerhouses?"

Most of Japan's lobbying feats go unnoticed except by the businesses affected, but there have been some dramatic public successes. In a battle lasting two years, lobbyists got Congress to reduce drastically the sanctions against Toshiba for selling advanced submarine technology to the Soviet Union—a sale that cost the United States an estimated $30 billion to counter. When the Senate first learned of the sale in June 1987, it voted 92-5 to bar Toshiba sales for three years. A year later, after Toshiba had spent $10 million lobbying, the House and Senate finally reached a compromise, limiting the ban to government sales by Toshiba's subsidiary, Toshiba Machine. Instead of costing Toshiba $10 billion, Congress's action cost it several hundred million.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During the same years the lobby also defeated Representative John Bryant's bill that required foreign investors to disclose their holdings in American firms, even though most Western European countries and Japan require even closer scrutiny of foreign investments. After the House narrowly passed the measure, the Japan lobbyists, led by Eizenstat, Richardson, and former USTR General Counsel Richard Rivers from Strauss's law firm, secured its defeat in the Senate by 83-11.

The Japan lobby rarely wins battles on its own. Instead it throws its considerable weight behind one side in a debate. During Bush's first year the lobby mounted a major offensive to prevent the Administration from citing Japan for blocking American sales of semiconductors under the "Super 301" legislation passed by Congress in 1988. Citing these products would have entailed raising a threat of sanctions against Japan if negotiations didn't remove trade barriers.

One lobbyist, who asked not to be identified, described the battle to keep semiconductors off the list as "a war." The Japanese may have spent as much as $5 million lobbying on this issue alone. Stanton Anderson's law firm received $167,000 between April and June alone from the Electronics Industry Association of Japan (EIAJ). William Walker's law firm, Mudge Rose Guthrie Alexander and Ferndon, received $181,000 from the EIAJ during the same period for lobbying White House aides Michael Boskin, Steve Ferrer, and Roger Porter. During the first six months of 1989, Strauss's firm collected $577,585 from Fujitsu. And these were only a few of the law firms and Japanese companies involved.

In the Bush Administration debate over Super 301, the Japan lobby's massive effort tipped the scales in favor of Boskin, Porter, and budget director Richard Darman and against the Commerce Department. When the Bush Administration announced the products that it was citing Japan for, semiconductors were not on the list. "I thought the decision reached by the President was masterful," lobbyist Anderson said. Four months later U.S. Trade Representative Hills announced the the United States would no longer pursue the Reagan Administration's demand that Japan import a targeted percentage of American semiconductors.

Recently the Japan lobby has also tried to frustrate attempts by the American electronics industry to develop an American high-definition television industry. As was the case with semiconductors, the lobby has reinforced efforts by a vocal faction within the Administration. At the beginning of September Secretary of Commerce Robert Mosbacher, who had kicked lobbyists Anderson and Walker out of his office in March, threw in the towel. At Anderson's request, Mosbacher held a high-level meeting in Japan with the chairman of NHK, the Japan broadcasting company that is heavily committed to HDTV. During the same visit Mosbacher announced that he no longer favored American Government support for HDTV.

The Japanese are also fighting Congressional attempts to exclude foreign companies from government-funded industrial consortia that are meant to help the United States compete in high technology. Congress has been willing to include companies like Phillips or Thomson that do their research and development in the United States, but it wants to exclude companies that use the United States merely to assemble their products and refuse to allow American companies to join similar consortia. This applies to the Japanese companies. According to Congressional sources, Mitsubishi Electronics, which employs Jim Lake's public relations firm, has been lobbying heavily against the proposals.

In waging these battles, Japan's lobbyists invariably appeal to American support for free markets and free trade, implying that the United States is violating international standards of good capitalist behavior. But in the battles over foreign investment disclosure, semiconductors, and government funding of high-technology consortia, the Japanese are using their lobby to block precisely the kind of trade and industrial strategy that they themselves used to win foreign markets for their consumer electronics industry. Like the proverbial bad parents, the Japanese are saying, "Don't do as we do, do as we tell you."

During the '80s the Japanese developed an even more subtle strategy for influencing Congress and the White House. They got American businesses that depended upon Japanese companies to pressure Congress and the White House. They tried this first with imported car dealers and, during the mid-'80s, with computer and other high-technology companies that used Japanese components.

During the fierce debate over Toshiba sanctions, computer firms like NCR, Apple, and Hewlett-Packard that used Toshiba disk drives, printers, and other components lobbied Congress against sanctions. Some of the same firms protested the Reagan Administration's semiconductor agreement with Japan and have sought the agreement's repeal. In fighting against government funding of American HDTV efforts, the Japanese have been able to rely on companies like Ampex that now get an important part of their profits from selling Japanese technology. "We've got to the point where we can say, 'We've met the enemy and he is us,' " says Bill Reinsch, an aide to Pennsylvania Senator John Heinz.

The Japanese also use a traditional front group strategy to get their point across. Japanese subsidiaries now play a significant role in the Electronics Industry Association, but in debates with the American Electronics Association, the EIA presents itself as merely a rival American trade association. The EIA first opposed any government HDTV funding whatsoever and then, when that position appeared impolitic, insisted that foreign subsidiaries enjoy the fruits of any government intervention. The EIA's position was not without merit intellectually—its position paper was ably drafted by the Berkeley Roundtable on International Economics—but it lacked candor. What appeared to be a plea for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free market principles was also part of a strategy for foreign domination of the American HDTV market.

IV.

Japan's funding of think tanks and universities and its support for a powerful lobby in Washington has created an untenable situation in Washington. The most important questions facing Americans concern our economic future, and some of these revolve around our relationship with Japan and Japanese companies. Our trade with Japan is the single greatest cause of the U.S. trade deficit; and Japan has come to dominate precisely those areas of industry upon which our growth and prosperity will rest. The United States has to decide how to respond to what Akio Morita and Shintaro Ishihara in *The Japan That Can Say "No"* candidly call "economic warfare," but it's hard for Americans to have a meaningful debate when Japan and its lobbyists have acquired such extensive influence over the debate itself.

To put it as simply as possible: the United States must hold discussions among its own citizens before it can hold discussions with Japan. There have to be two separate debates or discussions. Americans first have to decide among themselves what is in their national interest. But the effect of Japan's influence campaign is to make the first debate impossible. When two prominent Americans rise to discuss U.S.-Japan trade relations, there's a good chance one or both is in the pay of the Japanese.

What can be done? The American public must at least be informed when a participant in the discussion of U.S. trade and investment has financial ties with the Japanese. The current means for such disclosure are, however, woefully inadequate.

Lobbyists for foreign companies are supposed to register with the Justice Department's Foreign Agents Registration Office. But the office is hopelessly understaffed—it has only a dozen employees, and has yet to submit its report for 1987—and the regulations themselves are extremely loose. Those who advise foreign companies but do not directly lobby public officials—like Brock or former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors Martin Feldstein—do not have to register. Nor do lobbyists like Ron Brown who represent American subsidiaries of Japanese companies. This means that the public has no way of knowing that these people have a financial stake in holding certain views about trade and investment issues.

Senator Heinz has introduced a bill that will require publicists or lawyers who represent the American subsidiaries of foreign companies or who represent foreign firms and their subsidiaries in administrative and judicial cases to register with the Justice Department. But Heinz's bill is being fiercely fought by the lobby. Al Yamada, who lobbies for Toyota U.S.A., says, "I think it is unfair. When you register as a foreign agent, you have all kinds of restraints."

Even if Heinz's bill passes, however, it will not cover the case of advisers, think tanks, policy groups, and universities. Here, part of the responsibility for disclosure must rest with the individuals and institutions themselves. When the Council on Foreign Relations publishes its forthcoming report on business-government relations, it should acknowledge that the authors included two prominent Japan lobbyists. And academics like Packard should identify their business interests when appearing in public forums. But when voluntary self-disclosure fails, the responsibility for revealing potential conflicts of interest reverts to the press.

So far the press has not lived up to this responsibility. The classic instance is an October 1986 *Washington Post* article on the debate over Reagan's semiconductor agreement. The story was headlined, "FORMER U.S. OFFICIAL ASSAILS JAPANESE PACT." It reported that "former Commerce Undersecretary Lionel Olmer" had criticized the agreement in a debate with Alan W. Wolff, "who represented the domestic semiconductor industry."

The story's headline and the identification of the principals gave the reader the impression that a disinterested former official had challenged the opinion of a paid industry lobbyist, but in fact, Olmer was employed at the time the piece appeared as an adviser to Nippon Telephone and Telegraph. Moreover, Wolff, besides representing the semiconductor industry, was himself a former trade official in the Carter Administration. The argument was really between two former trade officials, both of whom had a financial stake in their own positions.

The practice continues unabated. In an October 1989 *Washington Post* story on Japan, Packard is identified merely as "dean of Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies." In an October column attacking proponents of managed trade, *Washington Post* reporter Hobart Rowen cites as an authority "Washington attorney William N. Walker," who is in fact a New York attorney who lobbies for the Japanese electronics industry. Readers who assume that Packard or Walker are expressing disinterested opinions are being misled. And the *Post* is not alone. Of major national publications, only *Business Week* consistently ferrets out potential conflicts of interest.

Only when the participants are adequately identified can the great debate begin. Should the government try to break down Japanese trade barriers through demanding specific quotas? Should it scrutinize foreign investments? Should the U.S. Government help develop its own HDTV industry? Should it help fund a consortium to develop the next generation of computer chips? Should it establish a new Cabinet department that performs the same kind of functions that Japan's MITI does? America's future rests on the answers to these questions, but they cannot be adequately debated as long as many of the leading participants have an undisclosed financial stake in one answer rather than another. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Cars and Other Vehicles

Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman are first-rate in **Driving Miss Daisy** (Warner Bros.). It would be surprising if they weren't. Two such exceptional actors could not miss the opportunities in Alfred Uhry's screenplay, which, like his play on which it's based, was constructed as a sure thing. This is not to say that any other two actors would have been as good as Tandy and Freeman, only that any two good actors could climb aboard this tidy little vehicle and ride off to huzzahs and talk of Academy Awards. That's what Uhry's piece exists *for*.

Tandy plays an aging, well-to-do Atlanta widow, Jewish, who is getting too old to drive. Freeman is the somewhat younger—though not young—black man engaged by Tandy's married son, Dan Aykroyd, to be his mother's chauffeur. Tandy, proud and independent, resents the arrival of Freeman, patient and wise, who understands both her resentment and her tacit need of his help. The whole film then lies plain before us. Her resentment is going to fade, and through the years they are going to become friends.

I've read somewhere that Uhry drew his play from his family's history, so I don't suppose that he set out consciously to provide another item in the genre that includes *The Zulu and the Zayda* and *A Majority of One*—a genre in which a Jewish person and a very different kind of person, initially distant, grow close and prove that all the peoples of the world could get on together if only we'd get in there and try. But *Daisy* ends up just one more of that soppy breed.

As in any pop genre when well executed, *Daisy* has its melty moments. ("Extraordinary how potent cheap music is," says the heroine of Coward's *Private Lives*.) But the whole piece exists to stroke the audience reassuringly. The old woman asserts often that she has no prejudice, though she has no black friends. Freeman's granddaughter, at the end of the years traveled through, is a high school biology teacher, though Aykroyd is insufficiently concerned even to know of this. *Daisy* tells us that if we just keep on as we're going, allowing carefully stratified friendships to blossom here and there, everything is going to be OK. If Stanley Kramer were still active in film production, he would have rushed to buy the screen rights of Uhry's play.

In the theater the piece had only three characters: all the others were suggested. Suggested, too, were the settings and the successive cars that Miss Daisy acquires through the years and that her chauffeur drives. This Thornton Wilder approach lent the play a veneer of imagination. The screenplay is of course "opened up," with the other characters present, with the places and the cars real. Thus the veneer is stripped away, and the piece is all the more clearly revealed as a cozy tearjerker. This is emphasized by Peter James's cinematography, which lays on a golden haze that might give Hallmark itself some pause.

But Tandy and Freeman are fine. Primarily they are tasteful. They understood what plums they had been handed, and instead of cutting loose, they worked with truth and care. Freeman gives an extended, but not inflated, version of his theater performance in this role, with all the dignity allowed a man in his circumscribed position, with humor and sagacity, and with as valid a depiction of advancing age, free of actor's hokum, as I can remember. To see this film right after seeing Freeman's ex-slave Union soldier in *Glory* is to be reassured about the survival of imaginative acting in our beleaguered film and theater worlds.

Tandy has a sense of proportion. All of Miss Daisy's attributes—defensive pride, restrained gratitude, tempered dislike of her daughter-in-law, loyalty to her standards—are made part of a woman, not facets of a virtuoso performance. Toward the end Miss Daisy has an attack of senile dementia that is especially moving because Tandy has given us such a lustrous portrait of the disciplined woman who is now wandering. This scene, like all of what she does here, reminds us that we are enjoying the fruit of a long, lovely career. (Tandy was Cordelia to John Gielgud's Lear in the 1940 production directed by Harley Granville Barker. This, by the way, was 13 years after her debut!)

Tandy and Freeman do what prime actors have very often done: they make the piece they are in seem better than it is.

In Dario Fo's *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, a character says: "Where are all these poor people I keep hearing about? I go to a lot of parties, and I never meet any of them." Michael Moore, a young

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Enemies, A Love Story. *A man and three women, all survivors of Nazi horrors, amorously entangled in New York, 1949. I. B. Singer's daringly comic novel excellently transposed by Paul Mazursky and a superb cast. (Reviewed 1/1/90)* **Glory.** *Edward Zwick's second film is a full-bodied, thrilling account of a black regiment in the Union Army. Matthew Broderick is insufficient as their colonel, but all others—and the firm texture of the piece—are splendid. (1/8&15/90)* **Henry V.** *Much more cinematic than Olivier's version. Kenneth Branagh, who adapted, directed, and plays Henry, is not in Olivier's class as an actor, but he's fresh—and has made a magnificent film. (12/4/89)* **My Left Foot.** *Wonderful acting and non-maudlin writing. Based on the autobiography of an Irish victim of cerebral palsy who could use only his left foot to type and paint and became a writer and artist. (11/27/89)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American, is making sure that we meet some. **Roger and Me** (Warner Bros.) is Moore's documentary about the effect of General Motors plant closings in Flint, Michigan, in the mid-1980s.

After the closings Moore tried to get in to see Roger Smith, the head of GM in Detroit, to invite him to Flint for a look at what had happened to people there. Moore never got near Smith, so he made this documentary instead, at the end of which he at least succeeds in getting a brush-off from Smith at a public meeting.

Moore, who grew up in Flint and is the son of a GM worker, tells his story with dry wit. His sound-track commentary sounds a bit like Garrison Keillor in a dreadful situation. But much of the time he lets the facts and people speak for themselves. When I was a boy doing farm work and was taught to chop wood, I was told to let the fall of the ax itself do most of the work. This is Moore's attitude toward his material. He rarely underscores. Mostly the weight of the sequence does the job: the shrugging statements of the plump sheriff's assistant who executes 30 evictions a day; the flatulent pronouncements about the future at a posh Flint golf club; the blitherings of the Mayor and Governor and p.r. stooges about the resurgence of Flint; the wild fantasy of the millions invested—and wasted—in a new hotel and a theme park to turn this distraught city into a tourist attraction; and much more. (It's been noted that some of the events in the film are out of chronological order. Still, as Moore says, "everything that took place in the 1980s was a single blow" to Flint.)

The unemployed in this virtually one-industry city are not quite classical victims of a capitalist cycle. Moore tells us that during the time he covers, GM opened 11 plants in Mexico, so it's a shift of capital that has occurred rather than the arc of boom and bust. What he doesn't explore is the intelligence of American auto industry management, which dominated world markets for so long that it couldn't see, or couldn't believe, or couldn't adequately deal with, the invasions of foreign cars. The move to Mexico from Flint was apparently a belated attempt to lower costs by coolly shifting to a cheaper labor market and abandoning a loyal, dependent local labor force. Anyway, it doesn't seem to have helped a great deal. Recent newspaper reports on American auto industry production efficiency and advances in design are not sanguine.

Doubtless GM has its own version of the events in Flint; doubtless too they have the means to publicize it. Meanwhile, Moore, with somewhat smaller means, has presented in a sardonic film

You Don't Have to Be Jewish

. . . to read and love TIKKUN Magazine

TIKKUN recently won the *Utne Reader* Award for the best essays on politics and culture of any American magazine. No wonder . . . with authors like Annie Dillard, Abba Eban, Judy Chicago, Marge Piercy, David Mamet, Christopher Lasch, Carol Gilligan, Czeslaw Milosz, Amos Oz, Phillip Lopate, Milton Viorst, Allen Ginsberg, Jackson Lears, Robert Bellah, and Francine Prose. Our analysis of American and world politics, our fiction and poetry, and our reviews of books and film are exciting, unpredictable, and full of life. TIKKUN—fast becoming the voice of a new generation of intellectuals and activists—is committed to progressive social change, but is as willing to critique the accepted dogma of the liberal/left as the trendy cynicism that parades as intellectual sophistication on the right.

There's another reason to subscribe. TIKKUN was started as the alternative to *Commentary* and the voices of Jewish conservatism. Its editor, Michael Lerner, has become the most prominent critic in the U.S. of Israeli policy towards the Palestinians, emphasizing that the occupation is not only immoral but—on hard-nosed self-interest grounds—self-destructive of the best interests of Israel and the Jewish people. **TIKKUN** has become the place where you'll read the insider discussions of those involved in building the Israeli peace movement. Subscribing is thus an act of solidarity—a vote in support of those in the American Jewish world who are willing to openly criticize Shamir's current policies. Even if you're too busy to read another magazine, you can afford $25 to keep this voice alive!

And TIKKUN is creating a unique community. At its Los Angeles conference (Jan. 20–21, 1990), hundreds of activists and intellectuals will gather to discuss the psychodynamics of American politics (why do liberals continue to defeat themselves?), the ending of the cold war, how secular Jewish intellectuals deal with their Jewishness, how to support the Israeli peace movement, and much, much more. Subscribe to the magazine . . . and call us also about registering for the conference.

In the Next Issue:

- Woody Allen Writing on "Random Reflections of a Second Rate Mind"
- Benny Morris on Rethinking Zionist History
- Sven Birkerts on George Orwell
- Sidra Ezrahi on the Israeli Response to Non-Violent Tactics by Palestinians
- Abe Brumberg on Poland
- Michael Lerner on the Enlightenment's Legacy in the 1990s
- Yirmiyahu Yovel on Spinoza
- Plus a Debate on the Causes of Schizophrenia and an Analysis of the New Situation in Germany and Eastern Europe

Coming Up: Uri Simon on Ibn Ezra; Analyses of Earth Day, 1990; A report on nationalism and anti-Semitism in the Soviet Republics; and a discussion of the difficulties in relationships between Jewish men and Jewish women.

TIKKUN: ***The cultural and political magazine for the 1990s. . . and a perfect gift!***

One year (six issues) subscription cost: $25.00. Send check or Visa/Mastercard information to TIKKUN, 5100 Leona St., Oakland, CA 94619, or call 415-482-0805 to subscribe or to register for the L.A. Conference.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the plight of those with even smaller means.

Meryl Streep's performance in **She-Devil** (Orion) is frightening. Obviously she wanted to change pace by appearing in a wild farce, but it's appalling that she chose this abysmal piece of junk. Adapted from a novel by Fay Weldon, the film is about a successful writer of romance novels who lives in a meringue mansion and dallies with a humdrum accountant, husband of a dumpy woman. Every gag, every scene, every item of supposedly comic design is so wretched that the whole doesn't even rise to the level of the trite.

Most frightening is Streep's performance. At her worst up to now—say, in the thriller *Still of the Night*—she has shown herself a good actress who made a bad choice. And it isn't that she lacks comic sense, as, for instance, *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* showed. But in this heaving extravaganza she is shockingly inept, like a gifted singer who is startlingly off-pitch and doesn't know it. Clearly the director, Susan Seidelman, was completely useless, but didn't Streep see the rushes as the film went along? Can she have thought that what she was doing was funny? That's scary. •

The Secret Life of Art

BY ANNE HOLLANDER

The Power of Images: Studies in the History and Theory of Response by David Freedberg

(University of Chicago Press, 560 pp., $39.95)

The theme announced in the title of David Freedberg's book is illustrated on the dust jacket by a glowing reproduction of Poussin's *Dance Around the Golden Calf*. Inside, the disturbing frontispiece shows the same painting after it was attacked with a knife in 1978, its surface crossed by long slashes that focus on the calf itself. Freedberg wants to dwell on strong effects: the force inside the idol whipping the people into dance, and the force inside the picture striking the eye so hard that an armed hand rose up to strike back. When he begins by saying that his book is not about the history of art, but about "the relations between images and people in history," we already know he means passionate relations.

Freedberg, however, is an art historian. His dense and challenging book is rooted in a dissatisfaction with the way his fellow art historians and art critics have consistently written about images so as to deny the importance, or even the existence, of such responses as Poussin's picture records, or its unnamed assailant acted out. Far from considering such behavior relevant to the study of art, they have consigned it to the domain of the "primitive" and the "magical," or to the realm of the sensational and the psychopathic.

Open acknowledgment of the physical effect of images is thus made out to be either a matter strictly for psychiatrists and anthropologists, or else vulgar, and only a matter of crude reaction to vulgar kinds of art, some of which may even be called non-art—pornography, cult images, waxworks, and the like. If raw power is ever allowed as the property of High Art, it is supposed to work only on unsophisticated children, uneducated people, or madmen like Poussin's slasher. According to Freedberg, the very ranking of images into categories of serious and vulgar, high and low, is a way of creating an artificial barrier that limits the whole domain of emotional response to images that are not taken seriously, and sanitizes the effects of great works.

Even the deep respect of critics for the vivid objects in ethnographic collections, formerly called Primitive Art, emphasizes a gap between the reactions that the objects may originally have evoked and detached Western appreciation of them—or even Western emotional reaction, which is scrupulously assumed to be different from what was intended. We are also prone to call the style of figuration in such works "symbolic," Freedberg thinks, partly to retreat from the idea that the figures are meant not to stand for, but to be, or to resemble, real beings living and divine—to contain divinity and life, not refer to them.

Freedberg would say that critics and scholars do the same thing with Western paintings and statues, denying the life in the image in favor of more tractable qualities that can be caught in a net of expertise and described from a position of detached superiority. He cites the main flavors in which art-historical talk comes. First, there is the High Formalist Method, whereby works of art are discussed as if they were exercises in formal strategy based on earlier achievements using similar strategies, so that the whole aim of art appears to be reference to itself. And second, there is the more recent Original Context Recovery Plan, according to which works of art are perceived to be chained like slaves to their own time and place, so that nothing true can be seen in them, and nothing truthful said about them, except in the light of other days. Both these ways of dealing with art render it harmless in itself, and they guarantee a refined immunity to its troubling power in the here and now. There is some idea behind them that art—especially great art, says Freedberg—cannot be truly redemptive, that it does not directly change or save the fallen world.

Freedberg wants the critical study of art to confront exactly what is troubling or exciting in it. The barrier between the legitimately affecting arts (or non-arts) and the contents of galleries and museums must be collapsed, he says, and all images must be considered together, as he considers them in this volume. Freedberg's claim is that art can learn a lesson from non-art in the matter of response; and he advocates the right application of Nelson Goodman's theory that "in aesthetic experience the emotions function cognitively. The work of art is apprehended through the feelings as well as through the senses."

This is plainly true. Museum-goers do seek to receive art directly with open hearts and tingling nerves, just as they do movies and television (perhaps all the more now because of movies and television), although they usually don't faint, scream, embrace the statues or kneel, and most don't slash, even if they feel like doing all these things. In Freedberg's view, such direct responses universally precede the quick, covering moves that people make toward aesthetic detachment, the distancing mechanisms that denature what he calls "the hard, brute, sweet reality of the image." Immediate reactions are obviously not the same for everyone, he will allow; but in his view they are always there and always denied in modern art writing. Studying art must, he says, include the study of how we know it, which begins with how we feel it.

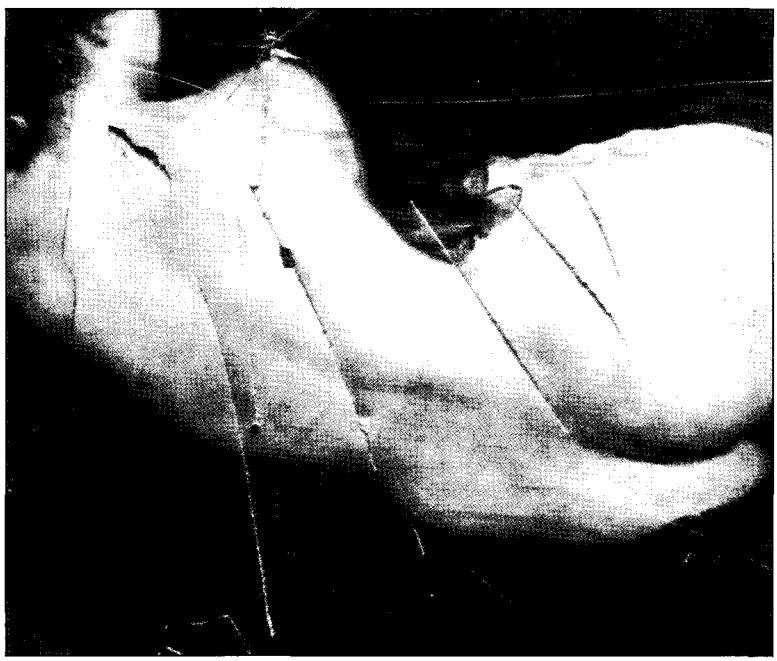
The problem with Freedberg's view is that in the apprehension of art, instant cognition is larger than feeling, even if it is dependent on it. The inherent power

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the work of art is not all of one kind, although it may be so in a work of non-art. Freedberg would say that we fear the power in the things we call art, that we have in fact called them "art" so as to be safe from them, though we don't fear it in all the other kinds of images to which we assign lower status. We relish the fantasy that the department-store dummy might come to life, but fear the same potential in a Rubens nude—and so we keep the Rubens in a museum and decline to feel, and therefore to discuss, its department-store features. But the immediate responses to a Rubens nude include other forms of cognition—the instant knowledge that it is a Rubens, for example, and therefore gets responses engineered by Rubens himself, who knew perfectly well that they all depend on your immediate sense that the woman lives and breathes, but who never left it at that. Surely aesthetic appreciation of the picture is not really a defensive move toward detachment, since it yields a stronger engagement with more, not less, of the power in the image, and allows even more excitement than the plain naked lady can give you.

The main body of Freedberg's book deals with the overwhelming evidence of what images have done in history to make people feel and know them, and also with what has given them their active power—the power to heal and to slay, to appease lust and to arouse it, to chastise, to console, to receive legal punishment, to save from harm, to speak and to move, to give milk, to bleed, to weep, to fly. Such evidence is largely ignored by historians of art, or simply disbelieved. And yet the amount and persistence of such lore have a telling weight—a force that still promotes pilgrimages all over the world. Freedberg is concerned to describe the exact form that such evidence has taken, to anatomize and to specify the kinds of close relations that people have formed with images and the kinds of reports they have left, including not only historical chronicles but all sorts of tales and legends, even literary tropes and figures of speech ("The eyes follow you around the room!"); and then to account for the power itself, the apparent capacity of many images not just to reflect life but to live and act.

Images are, of course, dead. Their life, therefore, has been a matter of investiture, of evocation, of attribution and projection, of consecration, of creating or recognizing a vitality in them that can be activated in certain ways. At what point, and by what means, does a collection of marks or a piece of shaped clay acquire its undeniable life? When and why does the crude matter wrought by the artist separate from him and take on a potent independent existence? The agreements about all this have differed according to time and place and purpose. Freedberg describes many of them, and the practices founded on them. These include the naming, embellishing, and enshrining—the "finishing"—of unformed stones fallen from the sky and worshipped by ancient Greeks, and the "eye-ceremony" of the Theravada Buddhists of Ceylon, in which the statue of the Buddha gets its potency and becomes a god only when the artist finally paints in the eyes during a dangerous and exacting ritual. After this ceremony, the artist's own gaze is thought to have a destructive power, and so he is blindfolded until he can look at something he can also shatter with a sword.



VELÁZQUEZ, *THE ROKEBY VENUS*, SLASHED IN 1914. (COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON)

Freedberg doesn't follow up the meaning of the artist's dreadful burden in this story; and he only occasionally touches on the artist's role in the drama of image and response. But he does recount the impassioned artist's prayer to Venus in the moving fable of Pygmalion, whose superb masterpiece was forced by the goddess to give up its immortality and become a living girl, fit only to love and die like the others. And it is the very fear of this, Freedberg would say, that keeps scholars of art from dealing in such matters—the common fear that an image really might come to life, and wield its power among the living instead of staying safely lifeless in a controllable world of painted canvas or carved marble. Denial of the vital power of images is bound up with a need to deny the power of all material objects, of which the human body is by far the most troublesome: objects forming images of it thus only compound the trouble. A further common fear is the fear of perfect likeness, the sense that a completed portrait draws into itself the soul of the original. This fear is not confined to unlettered barbarians; it appears everywhere, sometimes disguised as a pleasure, as in the case of memorial portraits that can preserve the living presence of the dead, or photographs of loved ones far away.

Even the artistic impulse away from figuration can be seen, thinks Freedberg, as another example of such a fear. Perhaps the non-figurative artist flees nature so that he needn't dread returning Pygmalion-like to the studio, to find his work offering an unholy invitation or making a fearful claim. But this idea fails to account altogether for Abstract Expressionism, for example; and in fact there is no lack of life in unfigured objects, as Freedberg elsewhere notes. Even about the maker of lifelike images, there are other myths that he leaves out. What about doomed Narcissus, and all the makers of self-portraits? What about our intense response to the living artist who breathes so palpably in any image he makes, right along with the subject?

Indeed, in the apprehension of abstract art, it is precisely the artist's own beating pulse that we usually feel first. Surely a non-figurative painting can be a deeper mirror than any other, a gathering place of private forces unscreened by the veil of surface likeness. Response to abstract art can be called aesthetic, but it is certainly not detached, since it is based on the same empathy with which we follow, holding our breath, the antique sculptor's quest for the perfect image of perfect bodily beauty—the creation of something close to divine that we have not yet seen, something always yet to come. Apprehension of the effort and the result are fused in the beholder's re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sponse; the object can't be disconnected from its maker. Freedberg seems to want to wrench them apart in his program for the study of response, to insist wrongly that our first perceptions of art wholly exclude our sense of the artist's own desire, and ally themselves only with the feelings we have when we are stunned by the photo in a full-page ad or feel our flesh creep in the waxwork museum.

To discuss the large issues at the root of his subject, Freedberg naturally must penetrate the linked realms of sex and religion, where art has led most of its life. Consequently, apart from the history of art itself, his book is built on scholarship in anthropology and theology, in patristic writings and church history, in the cultural history of both East and West, in ancient history, and in several branches of psychology and philosophy. It is hard for his own clear thought to shine through the thick hedge of learning that surrounds it, all bristling with quotes and references and tags in several ancient languages, and blossoming with small phrases and asides in many modern ones. Nor is it easy to persuade us effectively while his esoteric vocabulary in English hampers the march of exposition like a cumbersome suit of armor. The book is so jammed with words like "telestic," "catachrestic," "apophantic," "syndetic," "eristics," and "iconodule," along with recent critical terms such as "ekphrastic" and "hermeneutic" and philosophical terms like "ontology" and "hypostasis," that it is too bad of him to insist on "temerarious," "patriarchality," and "soteriological." (I like "salvific," though.)

Freedberg is inventing a new subject, one that clearly needs heavy support from many other subjects and also some powerful defenses, just like a new republic. A nervous donnishness, or donnish nervousness, informs these pages; but it can't snuff the flame of original thought and rebellious feeling in them. He rightly wants to expound his daring subject from a firm position high inside the academic citadel, but since his scholarly caution is at war with his private zeal, the result gives the impression of being written through clenched teeth. Religion and sex are volatile topics in any milieu, and they are positively explosive in connection with art, vision, and feeling, and so this weighty book has a bomblike aura.

The lifelike image has been a figure in erotic mythology all over the world, not just in Ovid. Everybody knows how eagerly love comes in at the eye, and that looking at a lifeless image can arouse desire even more promptly than the sight of a live body, and even without hope of seeing one. It follows that love in its devotional form may also be aroused that way, since the lust of the eye has such a force of its own. Religious devotion may receive its greatest stimulus from a compelling visual rendering, especially if the deity is supposed to have its true being only in the spiritual universe beyond the grasp of the senses.

There is a long history of the ways that sexual desire works in relation to modeled and pictured figures. Some examples given here are suggestive. It was once thought that a wife's lust, kindled by an arousing picture hung in just the right place in the marital bedroom, might benignly affect the character of the child she conceives by her living (but perhaps less arousing?) husband. How nice to find an old story saying that pure female lust, born of a picture and not a partner, is creative and auspicious. And then there are all the tales of men bewitched by amorous statues whom they are forced to espouse in place of the beloved, or of men compromised by clever simulacra of themselves into entanglements with lustful sorceresses, who have made and manipulated the figures to entrap them.

In action, the intense fetishizing gaze that art lovers turn on images feels as delicious and dangerous as sex, and just as much in need of controlling sanctions, internal and institutional, especially in the sphere of religious art. Sexual and sacred energy combined in the image of the Virgin, whose bodily beauty expresses her virginal and maternal character. Her power is bound up with her female physical being, and making images of her has never seemed to need an excuse. Making them beautiful, and therefore even desirable, was both a duty and a risk. She had to have a perfect beauty free of sin, but the image-maker was not accountable for the responses of the sinful viewer, who had the burden of sorting out the kinds of love he felt.

Making the image "true to life," however, was essential. St. Luke was believed to have painted a portrait of the Virgin from life, of which the many copies and copies of copies formed a foundation for the spread of her image, together with the belief that each is authentic. To modern eyes, the realism of many such Virgins seems swallowed up in what looks like a purely stylized, somewhat hieratic formula, often stiff and harsh; but in their time they were seen as tender and truthful, real and not symbolic, receptive to real love.

Many are still seen that way, right along with the vividly natural Madonnas sanctified by the history of art. The Virgin's image has been fragmented into hundreds of working versions, each distinct, each with its history of special deeds and effects, each giving the Virgin's blessings and benefits in unique ways and receiving the love and thanks of her local devotees. All such images somehow are the Virgin: they don't stand for her, they embody her completely as she does her holy work in each of their shapes. The true Virgin is perceived to inhere in her authentic image, just as the soul of an individual is perceived to be "captured" in a perfect likeness, and to have a real life there. Similarly, when the Roman emperor's image was carried about to remote parts of the empire, the event counted as a visit from the emperor himself; homage rendered to the image was considered to be received directly by him.

While Renaissance artists were perfecting the human face and figure in paint and stone, absolutely lifelike effigies were also being made in wax, with real hair, real clothes, and glass eyes, to be treasured as memorials of the virtuous dead. But on certain occasions such effigies were also made expressly to be tried and condemned in court and then publicly beheaded, eviscerated (animal guts being previously inserted), or otherwise tormented and executed in place of an absent malefactor whom they had been made to resemble. The man himself might be long gone, or dead already; but public feeling and justice were apparently both satisfied by such proceedings. The realism of the figure was a necessary feature: it was not a crude stuffed mannequin with a cartoon head, but a perfect reproduction of the man himself, made (and perceived) to house his actual spirit. As in the case of the revered funeral effigies, the making was often overseen by well-known artists.

Holy figures for narrative scenes were sometimes made life-size in wax, or in painted wood with real hair and glass eyes, and arranged in realistic settings, the better to impress the faithful with the immediacy of sacred events—but again Freedberg points out that such startling groups are fastidiously ignored by modern historians of art, unless a famous artist's name is associated with them. Gradually, during the 17th and 18th centuries, wax images lost caste altogether and slowly became marvels entirely of the entertainment business, made to arouse cheap thrills rather than authentic family piety, spiritual enlightenment, or any serious artistic consideration.

Baroque art abandoned an ideal of death-mask realism in favor of dramatic stylizations that irreversibly stretched the perceived capacities of stone, paint,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Transatlantic Commission on a Changing Alliance

On November 7-8, 1989, twenty distinguished foreign and defense policy experts from both sides of the Atlantic convened in Washington, DC for the first gathering of the newly established Transatlantic Commission on a Changing Alliance. Under the auspices of the International Security Council, the Commission's charter is to deliberate on the current status of the NATO alliance, emphasizing innovative thought on its future direction. The following statement represents the collective evaluation of the participants in the Commission's first meeting, and is offered in the public interest.

By any historical standard, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization has been an unparalleled success. Within the NATO Alliance, the major powers of the Free World pooled their resources for the common defense and the protection of shared values. **For more than forty years this collective defensive framework linking nations of Western Europe and North America has deterred Soviet aggression and led to an unprecedented period of peace and stability on the European continent.** The Alliance provided the context for the emergence of the Federal Republic of Germany as a full and trusted democratic partner. It has paved the way for Europe 1992, an integrated community of free-market economies.

Not least, the Alliance has helped inspire the revolutionary changes now sweeping through East and Central Europe — the powerful surge toward freedom and self-determination that NATO has held out as a model to the captive nations of the Soviet empire, the legitimate and genuine model of a "common European house."

Now, on the threshold of its fifth decade, NATO is in grave danger of becoming the victim of its own success. As the Warsaw Pact appears to crumble, NATO's bonds may unravel faster still. **NATO always has been, first and foremost, a military alliance to safeguard the security of its members.** Yet commitment to the common defense is today being eroded, on both sides of the Atlantic, by popular perceptions — fueled by the eagerness of the allied governments, and skillfully prodded by Mikhail Gorbachev the "reformer," to declare premature victory in the East-West, U.S.-Soviet, NATO-Warsaw Pact cold war — that the military threat has disappeared. As Soviet spokesmen themselves have put it, "We are depriving you of an enemy." And without an "enemy," if indeed Soviet promises are to be taken at full face value, what then is the rationale for the continuation of a North Atlantic defensive alliance? As a direct consequence of the U.S.-driven INF Treaty, moreover, which eliminated NATO's European-based intermediate-range nuclear deterrent, the next step is likely to be a "denuclearized" Europe. NATO's long-planned and essential theater nuclear modernization already has been put on hold.

The stated intentions of the Soviet Union are one thing. Soviet capabilities are quite another. The members of the Transatlantic Commission noted such disquieting realities as the following:

- **The steady increase throughout the Gorbachev era of Soviet military budgets, with no tangible evidence to date of fundamental resource allocations from military to civilian sectors;**
- **The continuing enhancement of Soviet nuclear forces, and the enunciation of a Soviet military doctrine looking to the qualitative improvements of conventional forces;**
- **The continuing commitment of Soviet arms and technical support to "regional" clients, in Afghanistan, North Korea, Vietnam, Libya, Syria, and the Western Hemisphere.**

The direct Soviet threat in Europe may or may not be diminishing — there was no consensus among the participants on this key question — but there is as yet no unambiguous evidence that Soviet global strategic ambitions have been irreversibly altered. The long-term buildup of major Soviet military resources along the Asian perimeter of the Eurasian landmass continues.

The most fundamental challenge to NATO comes from within the Alliance itself. The cohesiveness of common interests is giving way to the pursuit of national, or from the U.S. perspective "European," rather than Alliance interests. The INF Treaty tended to "de-couple" the U.S. from its NATO allies; now some influential U.S. voices appear to welcome this trend. And in both the U.S. and Europe, there is growing concern over the FRG's definition of its predominant interests, particularly in light of rapid and radical change in Eastern and Central Europe.

The Commission's deliberations put in sharp focus the growing strains between the European and North American partners in the Alliance — strains that relate to disparities in basic perceptions of NATO's mission in a changing world environment.

NATO was founded at a time when Europe was at the vortex of the East-West confrontation. It was addressed to an imminent threat to Western Europe, and its responsibilities were drawn accordingly. Especially with the withdrawal of European nations from their colonial empires, it was left largely to the U.S. to deal with conflict and threats to Western interests in other areas of the world. "Out-of theater" NATO missions was for the most part a contradiction in terms. The European members continue to define NATO in predominantly continental terms — and recent developments in Eastern Europe have, if anything, served to intensify this regional preoccupation.

Increasingly in the U.S., however, the focus of strategic concern — and the concomitant commitment of finite and shrinking strategic resources — have tended to shift from Europe-first to a broader spectrum of global flashpoints. **From this U.S. perspective, Alliance security is as much at issue in Asia, the Middle East, southern Africa, and the Western Hemisphere as it is in Europe. All are interlocked.** But the European members of NATO tend to shy away from such a global perspective of Western — i.e., NATO — interests.

The time has come, and urgently, for all members of this unprecedentedly successful Alliance to revisit the most basic questions of NATO's purpose, missions, and burdens of responsibility. **The keys to NATO's success always have been candor, full and open consultation, and the cohesion that arises from shared values — and so they remain, now more than ever.**

It is to this process that the Transatlantic Commission intends to devote its energies.

Hon. Charles M. Lichenstein
Conference Chairman
Former Deputy U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations

Air Chief Marshall Sir Michael Armitage*
Commandant, Royal College of Defence Studies

David Bar-Illan
Director, Jonathan Institute, Jerusalem, Israel

Dennis L. Bark
Senior Fellow, The Hoover Institution, Stanford University

Joseph Churba
President, International Security Council

Gen. George B. Crist, USMC (Ret)
Former Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Central Command

Gen. Michael S. Davison, USA (Ret)
Former Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Army Europe

Viola Herms Drath
National Committee on American Foreign Policy

Walter F. Hahn
Editor-in-Chief, *Strategic Review*

Elie Kedourie
Professor of Politics, London School of Economics

Maj. Gen. George J. Keegan, Jr., USAF (Ret)
Former Chief, Air Force Intelligence

Gen. Paul X. Kelley, USMC (Ret)
28th Commandant of the United States Marine Corps

William H. Lewis
Director, Security Policy Studies, George Washington University

William J. Mazzocco
Senior Research Associate, International Security Council

Hon. Eugene V. Rostow
Distinguished Visiting Research Professor of Law and Diplomacy, National Defense University

William R. Van Cleave
Director, Center for Defense and Strategic Studies, Southwest Missouri State University

Sir Patrick Wall
Former President, North Atlantic Assembly

**does not necessarily represent the views of Her Majesty's Government*

INTERNATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
818 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20006
(202) 828-0802

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and wood. The use of glass eyes and actual cloth came to seem naive, and eventually tawdry and vulgar. The aim of exactly reproducing the look of human life had reached a certain peak, and with it the artist's fame for achieving that effect above all others. In the apprehension of art, a division became conventional between the direct perception of reality and the perception of a realistic image, which was acknowledged to be obeying laws of representation, not of life. And it follows that the sense of what the artist was doing in making the image, rather than what the image itself might do, gradually became primary.

Still, the legends of miracles continued to pile up, including those of saints whom the painted Jesus leaned down to embrace from his painted cross, or to whose mouth the carved Virgin would direct a stream of real milk from her carved breast. In such cases, as in most cases, the image was understood to remain an image: its living powers came from just that fact, that it had been made so vitally and truthfully, and consecrated so correctly, that divinity was pleased to course through it when a miracle was needed, like electricity through a well-made appliance.

Artists themselves might receive divine help from their own works. An especially realistic Virgin might reach down to save her sculptor from falling off his ladder, as if his superior gifts made him deserve saving, just as Pygmalion's gave him the right to wed his own creation. These stories suggest that it is precisely the best art, not the tackiest, that permits the most intense connection with humans. Great artists have always enjoyed such intimacy by right; and others who give themselves the chance can share in it.

But the images that once leaned out of their frames or gestured from their pedestals were free of their makers and ready for intimate engagement with any human being; and the images we now know as art can't do that any longer. Our awareness of them contains a sense of their bondage to their parent; we know they cannot call their souls their own, and that they can't allow themselves to form those ties of which Freedberg has found so many in the eventful lives of images from the past. Modern intimate relations with works of art can't, and shouldn't, have the unencumbered and unenlightened quality that Freedberg would like to believe in and preserve; but they have something else instead.

Freedberg's rhetoric suggests that we willingly relinquish something of value in favor of a dilute or ersatz product. But in fact we have not reduced or vitiated our perceptions of the Virgins of Piero della Francesca, for example, or even of the Mantegna that Freedberg mentions. We have intensified them, since we learned to take more into account than Mantegna's ability to make the Virgin seem real. The impact of a Piero Virgin now contains more than the force of her perpetual beauty and holiness, because it contains the palpable drive of the artist to make a perfect vision, to create that heaven on earth that can be so moving even in non-figured paintings, so that the beauty of the Virgin and the beauty of the picture both strike at once. The tears of awe must now be a response not just to her, but to what Piero has done to make a world for her to move in. The image comes to more than life.

Of all the acts people engage in with art, the most intense is destruction. Nothing demonstrates belief in the power of images more keenly than the need to get rid of them—and Freedberg thinks that the wish to keep some of them at an elevated distance in museums is a version of the same need, a similar index of their dread force in emotional life. He has elsewhere written extensively on iconoclasm. Here he discusses the various moments in the history of religious images when they have been in real physical jeopardy, and often systematically wiped out, along with much secular art. In the early centuries of Christianity, images were associated with paganism, and the use of them for the new faith had to be strongly defended. Idolatry, meaning chiefly the worship of the many old gods, was a present danger. But the need for holy images remained, and stories arose of them aiding in conversions by surpassing the powers or even toppling the figures of Venus and the other pagan deities.

Conflict between those who advocated Christian images and those who would forbid or destroy them arose again during the Byzantine Iconoclastic Controversy in the seventh and eighth centuries, and again after the Reformation. In antiquity, many had believed in the moral danger of devotion to beautiful objects. It was thought by Greeks and Romans to have a softening effect, rendering one too much like the Persians or other Asiatics—that is, like the enemy, with all his disgusting habits and vile beliefs. Later, many Christians believed that God alone might create, and feared not only the inherent sacrilege in making images of natural things, but the worse one of presuming that they might have their own power. Many also believed that God alone had the right to create Beauty, that any of man's works made to please the eye were bound to displease him, even if put to sacred use.

But far beyond a mere love of beautiful things, the wish to contain and to circumscribe the all-encompassing and endless God in finite man-made figures was deeply repugnant to many. The famous stricture in the Old Testament against graven images, which Freedberg tendentiously claims was in large part metaphorical and simply cautionary against false gods, was adduced again and again by the fervent enemies of religious art. Yet people continued to need and to love images, which had their staunch defenders. Among these was Gregory the Great, who is responsible for the famous idea that holy pictures are the books of the illiterate, and therefore good for supporting their simple faith. He is thus also responsible for the disgraceful but enduring notion that the direct power of images only works on the lower classes (women, children, and madmen being naturally among those), and that strong, rational, superior persons are naturally immune to it.

The thought that God might be properly accessible to everyone only if contained in some comprehensible vessel, just as an idea is formed by language, and that the container of holiness might rightly fuse with holiness itself and be the just recipient of worship, was frightening. The lame notion that images only stand for what they represent, and so may be harmlessly admired while the prototype receives the true worship, is also obviously false to the way images actually are perceived and truly operate; and that is frightening, too. But clever Byzantine apologists for images pointed out that Christ is himself the physical image of God, the living proof that the unknowable deity did make himself known to us as a finite and mortal man, manifestly for our salvation—and so the Incarnation justifies not just the making but the worship of holy images, being the first instance of one made for the purpose. The idea nevertheless sustains the view that the Old Testament God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob should still not be offered in an image for worship, as Christ may; but that God the Father may appear as part of the Trinity, and as part of the drama of Christ's life and lineage.

Freedberg claims that those most drawn to images are the ones who often feel compelled to destroy them—those who feel the power of art, "who cherish it and are afraid," are the very ones who wish to attack it, reform it, censor it, or sweep it away. That clearly includes the ones who live close to it, study it, and so must try to keep its power within bounds. As a nation we are certainly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is a promise of reform and openness...
a startling wind of change...

BEHOLD GLASNOST!

The new Soviet tradition of openness and cooperation comes to America in these beautiful proof coins commemorating the 500th anniversary of the Russian State.

A few years ago, it would have been unthinkable for the Soviet Union to issue coins portraying its long, secretive history. But Glasnost has parted the red curtains of isolation, revealing a precious metal coin opportunity of unprecedented magnitude...The Russian Historical Coin Collection—Series II.

Only 3,000 four-coin proof sets are available in the Americas. Struck in three of the most precious metals in the world...silver, platinum and palladium (rarely used for commemorative coins), each coin features a bold relief sculpture on a highly polished background.

Coins That Reveal Some of Russia's Best Kept Secrets

Relive some of the most dramatic moments in Russian History...from the tumultuous military encounter on the Ugra River in 1480 when the Russians fought for freedom from the oppressive reign of the Mongol's "Golden Horde," to the sweeping monetary reform that embraced and helped unite the nation. It's all here in compelling proof-finish designs.

The 1 ounce Palladium coin features a stunning portrait of Ivan III, the farsighted founder of the Russian State. A 1 ounce silver coin depicts in exquisite detail the original stone Kremlin completed in 1516.

A Collection to Enjoy Now and Treasure Later

While no guarantee can be made as to the future value of any low-mintage collector coin, the overwhelming historical significance of these coins coupled with their exceptionally limited mintage, offer excellent potential for appreciation over the years.

Reserve Your Coins NOW to Avoid Disappointment.

To reserve your 1989 Russian Historical Coins, simply complete the coupon below and mail it with your payment or credit card information. If you are not satisfied with your merchandise—for any reason—you may return it to MTB Banking Corporation, within thirty days of receipt, by registered, insured mail for a full refund.

NED32

☐ **YES! Please send me the Russian precious metal commemorative proof coins indicated below.**

Qty.	Description	Price	Subtotal
___	Complete 4-coin set containing Platinum, Palladium and 2 Silver coins	$695.00	___
___	Individual Platinum ½ oz. Battle at the Ugra River coin	$399.95	___
___	Individual Palladium 1 oz. Ivan III coin	$239.95	___
___	Silver 2-coin set containing 1 oz. each Moscow Kremlin and Russian coin	$ 69.95	___
		SUBTOTAL	___
		Shipping	$7.50
		NY Residents add sales tax	___
		TOTAL	___

Prices subject to change. Credit card orders must ship to same address as account billing. Allow 3-6 weeks for delivery. Order acceptance subject to availability.

Method of Payment:
☐ Check or money order enclosed
☐ Please charge my credit card:
☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Discover
☐ Optima ☐ American Express

Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

_____
Signature

Name _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone (_____) _____

MTB

MTB BANKING CORPORATION
90 Broad Street
New York, NY 10004-2290
The Banking Institution for Precious Metals, Rare Coins and Foreign Exchange

For Fastest Service Call, Toll-Free, 1 800 535-7481 (In NY State call 212 858-3400)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conforming to his view in our treatment of works by Richard Serra and Robert Mapplethorpe, and in the rising anti-pornography movement: a recurrent iconoclasm accompanies our obvious reverence for the priesthood of artists and the sacred mysteries of art, along with our consuming passion for visible and tangible objects, often called materialism.

Just because of the deep emotional importance of images in modern life, individual cases of iconoclasm are even more sensational than the institutional kind. Freedberg's book contains pictures not only of Poussin's wounded *Calf*, but of Michelangelo's exquisite Virgin of the *Pietà* with her face smashed, Rubens's fleshy *Fall of the Damned* scarred by a big splatter of acid, Rembrandt's *Night Watch* bearing an array of vertical knife-slits, and—most dreadful of all—Velázquez's delicate *Rokeby Venus* stabbed again and again in her naked back as she quietly lies down to study her mirror.

Among all the legends surrounding works of art in history, Freedberg cites not one about an image that healed itself. However charged they are with power, the inert stuff of which they are perilously made has none of living matter's rich defenses. The iconoclast knows his target offers no resistance; his act is total injury. Mighty efforts are made to mend the thing so that the damage is hardly noticeable, but it can never really be the same again. And yet for all that, short of absolute destruction, its life (by contrast with its vulnerable body) is often quite untouched. Once the wounds are repaired, Venus's pliant spine, luminous buttocks, and brooding gaze remain serenely unaffected by what she has been through. Her real wholeness has defied being hacked apart.

The attack was made on her in 1914 by a suffragist named Mary Richardson, who was protesting the imprisonment of Mrs. Pankhurst. For Richardson, the constant homage paid to beautiful Venus, luxuriating calmly in her public boudoir and her privilege as a national treasure, and especially to Venus made of dead paint and canvas, was in too sharp a contrast to the heartless neglect of the living, breathing Mrs. Pankhurst, confined out of sight and forced to sacrifice her comfort and liberty to the cause of legitimate rights for real women.

But what could be done for Mrs. Pankhurst by stabbing the poor picture? Decades later, Richardson confessed she simply couldn't stand the way men looked at it all day. And there lies another general motive for iconoclasm: jealousy. Images have enough power to steal the rights of others, to be preferred in place of those who know they have a better claim, to supplant the rightful prophet in the spreading of the true word, to seize and to attach the gaze that should be free to fall elsewhere. And so images are at risk from disappointed lovers of persons and causes, from too-clear-sighted visionaries, from unrecognized knowers of better truths, from unsuccessful artists—and sometimes, though Freedberg doesn't talk about this, from the very artist who made the work.

Although the newspapers have made much of attempted image murder, those who run galleries and museums tend to keep the matter quiet, "so as not," one of them has said, "to put ideas in people's heads." The slashing lunatic is always carefully categorized as quite separate from the sane public. Freedberg believes, however, that close behind every art lover's eyes, the idea is already there. The arrogant fragility of art, with its motionless components so minutely arranged, with its false life so undeniably able to compel true love—to say nothing of respect and awe—is an offense to the intractable, absurd, horrific, and chaotic state of real human life, and a goad to the latent righteous anger against it in all of us. Images take their chances when they go into the world and try to live there without getting involved.

Titian's *Venus of Urbino* is another famous nude with a long emotional his-

Night Subway

The nurse coming off her shift at the psychiatric ward
nodding over the *Post*, her surprisingly delicate legs
shining darkly through the white hospital stockings,
and the Puerto Rican teens, nuzzling, excited
after heavy dates in Times Square, the girl with green hair,
the Hasid from the camera store, who mumbles
over his prayerbook the nameless name of God,
sitting separate, careful no woman should touch him,
even her coat, even by accident,
the boy who squirms on his seat to look out the window
where signal lights wink and flash like the eyes of dragons
while his mother smokes, each short, furious drag
meaning *Mens no good they tell you anything*—

How not think of Xerxes, how he reviewed his troops
and wept to think that of all those thousands of men
in their brilliant armor, their spearpoints bright in the sun,
not one would be alive in a hundred years?

O sleepers above us, river
rejoicing in the moon, and the clouds passing over the moon.

From a Notebook

The final vanity, to think
you're not your life, that even today
at the last possible moment
you can walk away, as out of a cheap hotel,
leaving ten dollars under the key on the bureau.
Why bother to lock the door? The fuzzy TV,
the footsole-colored bedspread,
the quart of milk souring on the windowsill,
you always knew they had nothing to do with you
although you were used to them,
and even grateful
alone as you were in a strange city.

Katha Pollitt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory, although Freedberg has no stories of physical attacks on her. For him, she illustrates the way that images are considered harmless once they have been categorized as Great Art, even though they obviously keep their power and simply operate without a license. Unlike Velázquez's introspective Venus, Titian's is an explicitly inflammatory erotic picture. The naked woman lolls on her back, one hand in her crotch, her nipples erect, gazing moistly right at you. Mark Twain was outraged to realize that while she might freely stretch out and fondle herself before the very eyes of inquisitive little girls, old maids, and impressionable boys, he would not be able to publish an accurate description of the picture without being severely censored. Twain smelled hypocrisy. Freedberg calls it repression. In modern art-historical writing, he scathingly notes, pages are written on the deeper meanings of this Venus in its Neoplatonist context, or with respect to other social and intellectual forces at work in Titian's time, without ever mentioning her direct message.

She certainly has one. In the Uffizi, the lascivious gentlemen still gaze from under half-closed lids and the agitated children are still nudging each other and whispering; and everybody else still stops to look and swallow hard. Elsewhere in Florence, giggling throngs of young girls also cluster around the pedestal of Michelangelo's *David*, milling about under the electrifying impact of his gigantic young bare body. Others who don't giggle nevertheless feel the force in those huge genitals, those great veined hands, that bony chest and tense neck. Not much dispassionate critical discussion can be heard in either of these shrines, or in other museums; the public seems not at all at the mercy of distancing mechanisms.

Yet Freedberg is unfair to sneer at scholarly efforts to explain the Venus, or elsewhere to ridicule Janet Cox-Rearick's calm and learned study of a Saint Sebastian by Fra Bartolommeo, which in its day was so lusciously disconcerting to the female worshippers in the church where it hung that it had to be moved to the sacristy. I think it can be presumed that the erotic impact of David, Venus, and St. Sebastian goes without saying; and that what must be said is that in each case there's more to it than raw sex. Even realistically sexy nudes don't all come across in the same way. The power of Titian's Venus comes from Titian's ability to fuse the complex surface with the simple subject, so that the smooth naked woman with the knowing gaze and gesture is simultaneously a vision of cosmic repose, of a kind that living prostitutes do not usually suggest. This picture reveals something that immediately feels more potent and more interesting than the straight invitation that it portrays. Titian has seen to it that we can't get hot for the woman without simultaneously getting hot for the painting. The repression, if any, has been foreseen and organized by Titian himself. Sex and aesthetics together give you the charge; and that's what all the people feel who stare at Venus. Michelangelo and Fra Bartolommeo managed the same amazing thing. And figuring out how they did it seems honorable work.

Freedberg is keenly interested in the discrepancy between what official texts say about images and what people actually do about them. There have been many times in history when images were forbidden in religious practice by decree, or when rituals were described as lacking them, and yet the material evidence shows that they were indeed made and used in abundance. The ancient association between high spiritual longing and the rejection of images, the old connection between true holiness and the invisible, has persisted and given rise to what Freedberg calls "the myth of aniconism"—the idea that certain cultures, such as the Jews and others who invented monotheistic religions, were so spiritually advanced that they transcended the need for images and therefore did not make them.

Freedberg states that there is absolutely no physical evidence for such a notion: all cultures, Jews included, have needed and made images, whatever the texts say, and there is no evidence that spiritual purity requires the lack of them. Jewish fear of idolatry comes down to the fear of that same "fetishizing gaze" that feels just like lust in action, a fear that therefore must ideally seek to wipe the whole potential array of images off the retina like a feast of forbidden erotic delights—but failing that, at least to sweep them off the altar. If the one true God is to be the one true fate of the Jews, they must keep their deepest passion strong and free from the casual entrapment of the eager eye by art, and keep faithful intercourse with the deity unsoiled by wanton visual living.

To say that Jews have loved, made, and feared images in their time is to say that they are human; but Freedberg the art lover seems also to suggest that the fear forbidding the image of God can have long-term pernicious side effects. It can try to prevent the benign power of visual art from holding its proper sway over the visible world, over the satisfying apprehension of natural appearances and over all the imaginative seeing that permits the truest relish of God's handiwork and man's; it can distrust the delicious machinery whereby staring makes the fields look like Constables, the city like a film-set, and Swann's coachman like a Bellini doge. This inward process can be thwarted. "We see, we gaze, we create false idols we must destroy," says Freedberg, as if loving to look at things were indeed a painful moral burden full of desperate conflict. He even has a wry note on himself about the fell heritage of a Jewish art historian with additional Calvinist elements in his upbringing. He plainly feels the weight of all those centuries of fear pulling heavily against the demands of his own eyes and heart. His move to slash the art historians may represent a struggle for some relief.

Freedberg thinks that pure aesthetic appreciation ought not to exist, that it has been a false goal cravenly set up to aid the repressed efforts of art critics, and to make other people feel small if they can't manage it. Purely abstract decoration is something he believes does not exist at all, but he thinks that others believe it does. Again it seems to be the "purity" of the aesthetic response that is at issue, his strange idea that critics all think it is their high task to keep the appreciation of lines, forms, colors, and textures, or even of all those things in a carved or painted nude, free

By two of "the most productive scholars who...have revolutionized our understanding of how technical advance comes about." —*Richard Nelson*

TECHNOLOGY AND THE PURSUIT OF ECONOMIC GROWTH

David Mowery** and **Nathan Rosenberg

"...offers a unique synthesis of historical studies, economic analysis, and policy debate on the conditions conducive to technological advance and economic growth." —*Richard S. Rosenbloom*

"...essential reading for the science and technology policy community and for those wishing a better understanding of American technological performance." —*David J. Teece*

$29.95

At bookstores or from
Cambridge University Press
40 West 20th Street, NY, NY 10011.
800-872-7423—MasterCard & VISA accepted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of immediate emotional and sensual response.

But I don't think that people, even art historians, believe in this at all any more, or in the "purity" of abstract decorative form. We are all aware that the impulse to make figures informs all decorative effort, and know that waves and snakes and leaves and beasts lurk in all ornament along with bodies and parts of bodies. The experience of apprehending art is well understood to be aesthetic and emotional together. I don't believe that critics really repress raw feeling because it might cloud the purity of high aesthesis, even when they write only about the latter and keep silent about the former.

I suspect that many of the art historians Freedberg chastises did go into the field out of an obsessive desire to be forever looking at works of art, on purpose to feel and even to wallow in the sense of their power. But no doubt such seekers found it necessary to control their lust simply in order to move forward at all, to get somewhere beyond staring transfixed, to try penetrating the mystery of the object by any means, so as not to feel so helpless in its spell; and that attempt might well mean giving up strong personal response as a subject, since one can so easily talk only about oneself instead of trying to find out how the image got that way. (Leo Steinberg is one of the exceptions.)

To get on further with trying to understand the force of art, and how it actually works while people are looking at it, Freedberg is undoubtedly right: we need to invite our modern souls, and consult them once more. His turgid, demanding, powerful book, however, only projects the need by describing some of the failures that have caused it, and showing in broad, rich detail just what we have been missing. At the end, the power of images remains almost the same mystery as before.

Trying to discover the sources of art's power ought not to preclude continuing to feel it, nor helping to preserve the feeling in others. The dissection of art, like the slashing of it, cannot truly murder. The invention of ways to get a grip on art by conceiving of it as part of history was a boon to people struggling to understand, to people feeling so much moved and yet so ignorant in the presence of the life that burns in painted eyes and vibrates along granite limbs, and even now continues to explode in unfigured structures of twisted iron and poured acrylic wash.

ANNE HOLLANDER is the author most recently of *Moving Pictures* (Knopf).

Quiet Desolation

BY HERMIONE LEE

The Remains of the Day by Kazuo Ishiguro

(Knopf, 245 pp., $18.95)

An Artist of the Floating World by Kazuo Ishiguro

(Vintage, 208 pp., $8.95)

A Pale View of Hills by Kazuo Ishiguro

(Penguin, 192 pp., $4.95)

On the strength of three dazzling short novels, Kazuo Ishiguro is now, at 35, a famous prize-winning writer in Britain. (Hardly anyone in America had heard of him until this year, but that's changing.) Still, I notice that people are always getting the titles of his books slightly wrong. Is it *A Pale View of the Hills*? *The Artist of the Floating World*, or *Artist of the Floating World*, or *The Artist of a Floating World*? *The Remains of the Day* sometimes loses its first definite article. Like all slight but persistent mistakes—Ishiguro's characters are much given to them—these are symptomatic slips.

For Ishiguro's titles do indeed contain evasive articles. "An" artist (unlike Joyce's definitive portrait of "the" artist) is open to amendment and uncertainty, and the floating world he portrays, and betrays, is "transient, illusory." It's not "the hills," but "hills"—some, where?—and it's not they that are pale, but the view of them, as if paleness were a quality of the haunted, ghostly viewer, who describes herself as having "spent many moments—as I was to do throughout succeeding years—gazing emptily at the view from my apartment window . . . a pale outline of hills . . . not an unpleasant view." The "remains" are ambiguous, too: Are they waste, ruins, leftovers, or are they what is salvaged? Is this a metaphorical day, as in "our day is done," or is it "a day in the life"?

The titles hover on the borders of allegory. The openings of the three novels give off a similarly puzzling and contingent air:

> Niki, the name we finally gave my younger daughter, is not an abbreviation; it was a compromise I reached with her father. For paradoxically it was he who wanted to give her a Japanese name, and I—perhaps out of some selfish desire not to be reminded of the past—insisted on an English one. He finally agreed to Niki, thinking it had some vague echo of the East about it.
>
> [*A Pale View of Hills*]

> If on a sunny day you climb the steep path leading up from the little wooden bridge still referred to around here as "the Bridge of Hesitation," you will not have to walk far before the roof of my house becomes visible between the tops of two gingko trees. Even if it did not occupy such a commanding position on the hill, the house would still stand out from all others nearby, so that as you come up the path, you may find yourself wondering what sort of wealthy man owns it.
>
> But then I am not, nor have I ever been, a wealthy man.
>
> [*An Artist of the Floating World*]

> It seems increasingly likely that I really will undertake the expedition that has been preoccupying my imagination now for some days.
>
> [*The Remains of the Day*]

All three speakers introduce themselves by way of fine distinctions between appearances and actuality, intentions and achievements. The effect is punctilious but cryptic. All three demur from the positive: the apparent nickname, the commanding house, the preoccupying journey are not straightforwardly arrived at. Something is being denied or held off. The artist's invitation into his floating world is itself a "bridge of hesitation," picking its way through hypotheses, negatives, qualifiers, so that "you may find yourself wondering" about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

status, the emotions, and the reliability of the narrator. The opening of *A Pale View of Hills* names "compromise" and "paradox" as its subjects, and tells us that a short name—like a short novel—need not be an "abbreviation" of these subjects, a lightweight version of something larger, but may be a very exact expression of them. And the "confession" of the third narrator immediately induces uncertainty ("seems"? "likely"? "really will"? What is the problem, what is he not telling us yet?), not least because of its peculiar formality, its air of being written in translation.

Part of Ishiguro's appeal is the novelty he seems to provide of a "translation," a little bridge, between Japanese culture and English writing. But the abbreviation at the start of the first novel sets up the paradoxes here. The Japanese-looking name is actually a mixed product of the narrator's desire to get away from Japan to England, and of her husband's romantic attraction (like the attraction some of Ishiguro's Western readers feel?) to "an echo of the East." What looks to a Western reader like a Japanese text may have a Western content for an Oriental reader. Ishiguro was born of Japanese parents in Nagasaki in 1954, but they came to England when he was only six, and he has only once gone back. So far he has made three variants of his translated identity. *A Pale View of Hills* poises itself between England and Japan, *An Artist of the Floating World* is set entirely in Japan, *The Remains of the Day* entirely in England.

A Pale View of Hills is told by Etsuko, a Japanese widow living alone in an English village, haunted by two layers of memory, which are hesitantly and evasively broached. The more recent retrospect is on the visit of her younger daughter, Niki, the entirely Westernized daughter of an English father. The visit follows the suicide of Etsuko's older daughter, Keiko, Niki's half-sister, who had left home some years before in a state of very serious depression, and was found hanging in her rented room. After leaving her first husband, a conventional Japanese businessman, Etsuko brought Keiko to England when she was seven. She approaches her unacknowledged guilt about what she may have done to her older daughter indirectly, by way of her more distant memories of a hot postwar summer in Nagasaki, when she was pregnant with Keiko.

In a surreal landscape of new apartments built over a wasteland of destruction, Etsuko remembers that summer's friendship with a single woman—a rather dubious, louche character—and her daughter. The woman, Sachiko, is waiting to be taken away from Japan by her American lover; her daughter, Mariko, a disturbed little girl, resents the lover, fastens all her affection on her cats, and is haunted by the sight of a woman drowning her child in the nightmare of wartime Tokyo. Child-murders and suicides push into the edges of the narrative. Sachiko drowns the cats; Mariko—possibly—kills herself. These images of despair are crosscut against older figures who are surviving out of total loss and destruction: the woman who runs a noodle shop and whose children were killed by the bomb; Etsuko's father-in-law, a well-intentioned retired teacher, who laments the lost spirit of Japan and is discredited by the next generation for doing what he thought was right.

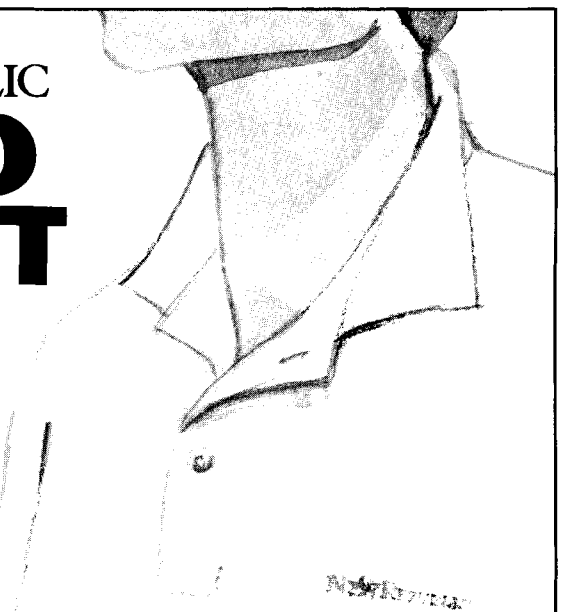
In *An Artist of the Floating World*, that figure of the discredited old teacher becomes central. Masuji Ono, a "retired" painter whose life encapsulates, though he doesn't quite realize it, the history of 20th-century Japan, narrates his story piecemeal, with Ishiguro's characteristic strategies of pauses, repetitions, and slow accumulations of a half-admitted past. The "action"—it takes place in 1948 and 1949, in an unnamed but eloquently rendered Tokyo—is (as in all these novels) of a visit. Ono's married daughter comes with her little boy, Ichiro, to discuss wedding plans for her sister, whose previous attempts at marriage have been sabotaged, it seems, by Ono's postwar reputation.

As the difficult old man and the belligerent little boy establish a tender and funny relationship (Ishiguro writes extremely well about children), we begin to gather the salient facts: that his son and his wife have been killed in the war, that an old friend and mentor, Matsuda, is dying, that his patriotic work for the Empire ("artist and member of the Cultural Committee of the Interior Department") is now dismissed as a negligible ingredient in the dishonored past. As his grandson puts it, brutally: "Father said you had to finish. Because Japan lost the war."

Gradually, reluctantly, the old man's memory tracks back through an unsettling mist of self-deception. The story is of a series of bold moves for advancement. As a young man he defied a traditional, authoritarian father to become a painter, going to the big city in 1913 to work for a commercial artist's studio, where they turned out "Japanese"-looking geishas and cherry trees for foreign consumption. He left this trade for the studio of a distinguished painter, Moriyama, described as a kind of Japanese Degas, his subject the "floating

THE NEW REPUBLIC

POLO SHIRT



The New Republic is proud to present the ultimate fashion statement: The New Republic polo shirt. Fashioned out of 100% cotton and custom embroidered with our attractive new logo, The New Republic polo will become the staple of your casual wardrobe. It also makes the perfect gift for TNR aficionados on your shopping list. The New Republic polo is available in crisp white with the logo embroidered in navy blue, in adult sizes, small, medium, large and extra large. Only $24.50 per shirt plus $1.25 per shirt for shipping. Satisfaction guaranteed! Order yours today.

To: THE NEW REPUBLIC POLO SHIRT OFFER, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036

Please send me _____ polo shirt(s) in size(s) _____.

I have enclosed a check/money order in the amount of _____ to cover the cost of the shirt ($24.50 each) plus shipping ($1.25 each) plus applicable sales tax (D.C. Residents add 6%.) My address is:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world" of erotic beauty, the courtesans and pavilions and parties of a way of life that, like the old "pleasure districts" of the city, have been wiped out by the war.

Ono betrays his master, moving with the times (under the influence of the pragmatic Matsuda) from "escapist" romantic art to relevant social realism, and then, in the 1930s, to imperialist propaganda. (This is nicely illustrated by his reworking of a satirical painting of Japanese society, *Complacency*, which he turns into an advertisement for militant nationalism and retitles *Eyes to the Horizon*, with the caption "Japan must go forward.") Ono's opportunism (like the actor-manager in *Mephisto*) involves the betrayal of a friend and pupil for decadence and lack of patriotic spirit. It is a betrayal that haunts him. We are made to see, though—and it's the novel's most painful and delicate operation, as well as a form of comedy—that he has not been an evil or a dangerous man, only inadequate. As the dying Matsuda says to him:

> There's no need to blame ourselves unduly. . . . We at least acted on what we believed and did our utmost. It's just that in the end we turned out to be ordinary men. Ordinary men with no special gifts of insight. It was simply our misfortune to have been ordinary men during such times.

Still, Ono does blame himself unduly. Like the writers of patriotic songs and the political leaders who are making their public apologies after the war by killing themselves (and this may be what Ono is about to do), he has internalized the country's shame, and is "floating" without the ballast of his self-esteem. What sounds at first like a carefully controlled voice turns out to be a man desperately trying to hold together his sense of himself.

Like all true novelists, Ishiguro is obsessional; and *The Remains of the Day* reworks his obsession with false control and self-deception. The novel is an extraordinary act of mimicry, an impeccably professional miming of the thoughts of an impeccable professional. There are close similarities with *An Artist of the Floating World*. Like Ono, the English butler Stevens has committed his life to an ideal of service, an ideal that is repeatedly analyzed in the course of his narrative. One of the pleasures of the book is that his profession is such an unlikely subject for a novel. Butlers in British fiction are a joke, associated with *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Jeeves, country-house thrillers, and "What the Butler Saw." Ishiguro's cunning is to invoke these associations—Stevens, after all, is a comic figure, pompous, funny, antiquated, and obtuse—and turn them to serious ends.

Stevens's burning question—we are asked to imagine it debated in the servants' halls in rather the way Japanese art students discuss the future of Japanese art—is, What makes a great butler? It seems a ludicrously quaint question to put at the center of a contemporary novel. But the debate, characteristically hovering on the edge of allegory, comes to be read, in part, as an analysis of "ordinary" people's political responsibilities.

Our butler has inherited from his father a belief that "greatness" in his profession consists not just of unflawed professional excellence, but of three deeper qualities: "dignity," either innate or acquired through "years of self-training and the careful absorbing of experience"; a life of service dedicated to "a great gentlemen" and through him to "humanity"; and, above all, the total "inhabiting" of the role, a professional being to be worn like a suit of clothes, not a "façade" or a "pantomime."

Like Ono's artistic creation, the butler's ideal of service is defined as a form of patriotism. No country but England has great butlers. And, like Ono's, his patriotism is entirely discredited by the end. Stevens's "great gentleman," Lord Darlington, proves to have been a well-meaning but disastrous meddler in Anglo-German relations between the wars, a critic of the Versailles Treaty who became a dupe of the Nazis. Their ruthless "professionalism" gives another meaning to the word, and exposes it as a dangerous and dubious standard for living. Stevens's lifetime of commitment to Darlington (whose name has been as disgraced as the pre-war Japanese leaders, as disgraced as Mosley) has involved getting rid of Jewish housemaids, waiting on von Ribbentrop, listening in on debates over the futility of democracy.

Now, in July 1956, the summer of the Suez crisis (like the bombing of Nagasaki in the earlier novel, it is not directly mentioned), Darlington Hall has been bought by a rich American. (Like England? Like Japan?) Stevens is a part of his new master's investment in a piece of authentic old England. He has been allowed out for a motoring trip, which is also a quest journey, through southwest England. On his quest, he encounters some rather artificial-sounding villagers, who discuss, inconclusively, the rights of ordinary British citizens.

Set at the terminal point of British imperialism, and, perhaps, of ordinary English people's faith in their leaders, *The Remains of the Day* reveals the vulnerability of societies based on traditional hierarchies and habits of trust. Stevens's bewildered, pathetic argument for the innocence of loyalty could apply to all who assume that those in authority are to be relied on:

> One is simply accepting an inescapable truth: that the likes of you and I will never be in a position to comprehend the great affairs of today's world, and our best course will always be to put our trust in an employer we judge to be wise and honorable, and to devote our energies to the task of serving him to the best of our ability. . . . It is hardly my fault if his lordship's life and work have turned out today to look, at best, a sad waste—and it is quite illogical that I should feel any regret or shame on my own account.

Thus far, *The Remains of the Day* replays the themes of *An Artist of the Floating World*, with less complexity and less historical inwardness. There could be grounds for saying that, like an inferior butler whose role keeps slipping, it is only "pretending" to be an English novel. Really it's a Japanese one in disguise, and our formal, archaic butler is standing in for the classic Japanese figure of the *ronin*, the faithful servant left without a master. Certainly Ishiguro does invoke such Japanese items: Sachiko is a version of Madame Butterfly, and Ono speaks of gathering his men like an old warlord. In all three novels there is an un-English insistence on the link between paternal inheritance and honor. Ono's encouragement of his grandson's juvenile machismo is echoed in *The Remains of the Day*. Stevens's best example of "greatness" is his own father, flawlessly attentive to a general whose incompetence in the Boer War was directly responsible for the futile death of his older son, Stevens's lost brother. (He is one of several lost siblings who haunt Ishiguro's novels.) And Stevens is extremely proud of having been so committed to Lord Darlington's service that he was unable to be present at his own father's death.

The appalling paternal legacy of repression and stultification suggests not a "Japanese" novel dressed in transparent English clothes, but a novel whose crucial subject is something other—something more—than a political inquiry into habits of service. *The Remains of the Day*, unlike Ishiguro's other novels, is a love story. Stevens's country drive is in quest of the ex-housekeeper, Miss Kenton, who left the Hall some years before to get married, but whose letters have suggested that she may be unhappy. Stevens, as his father once did, is beginning to make mistakes in his work; he has too much to look after. Perhaps Miss Kenton—no, Mrs. Benn—might be persuaded to return? Through the refusals of feeling in Stevens's voice, we understand that she once tried to penetrate the "pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tence" he "inhabits," to get through to the private self he is so committed to concealing. After their reunion, as his day closes, Stevens at last realizes what he has refused: his life itself, his only chance.

Since what has been suppressed is the true story, the cauterized narrative voice through which we read the suppressions is constantly stopping, going around, repeating itself, picking its way through a landscape of lost opportunities and stifled emotions:

> But what is the sense in forever speculating what might have happened had such and such a moment turned out differently? One could presumably drive oneself to distraction in this way. In any case, while it is all very well to talk of "turning points," one can surely only recognize such moments in retrospect. Naturally, when one looks back to such instances today, they may indeed take the appearance of being crucial, precious moments in one's life; but of course, at the time, this was not the impression one had. Rather, it was as though one had available a never-ending number of days, months, years in which to sort out the vagaries of one's relationship with Miss Kenton; an infinite number of further opportunities in which to remedy the effect of this or that misunderstanding. There was surely nothing to indicate at the time that such evidently small incidents would render whole dreams forever irredeemable.

"Such evidently small incidents" are rendered with heart-breaking quietness. In one of these, Stevens and Miss Kenton look out the twilit gardens of the Hall, to see Stevens's old father, who has just humiliatingly tripped (with a full tea-tray) on the steps up to the summer-house, going up and down them in the dusk, trying to memorize them. Ishiguro can make such small incidents seem catastrophic. They take place in a dark landscape, often foggy or dusky, vaguely invoking regret and remorse. So, at the end of the novel, Stevens sits on Weymouth Pier, watching the lights come on and the crowds go by, weeping in the dark on his "bench of desolation."

Ishiguro often reminds me, as there, of Henry James, especially of Lambert Strether, urging others to take the second chance he never had: "Live all you can. . . . It's a mistake not to." To accuse Ishiguro of costive, elegant minimalism is to miss the deep sadness, the boundless melancholy that opens out, like the "deserts of vast eternity" his characters are reluctantly contemplating, under the immaculate surface.

HERMIONE LEE is the author of *Willa Cather: Double Lives*, forthcoming from Pantheon.

The Minimalist

BY MICHAEL WALZER

Innocence and Experience by Stuart Hampshire

(Harvard University Press, 208 pp., $20)

A battle of mock-epic proportions rages in the academy between moral universalists and moral relativists. On the one hand, so we are told, there are philosophers who believe that one moral law governs all human beings in all times and places, controlling every aspect of their activities and relationships. On the other hand, so we are told, there are philosophers who believe that the law is different in different cultures or societies, perhaps even different for different individuals, and that no standards exist by which these differences can be judged or even argued about. Fierce words are exchanged, though no one that I know of has ever been injured. In fact, both these positions are caricatures. Outside of the fundamentalist seminaries, no holds the first; except for the proverbial sophomore, no one holds the second. Straw men (women, too) march and countermarch across the academic landscape.

The real argument is more serious, harder to make out, and much quieter. I think that it is best described as an argument between moral minimalists and moral maximalists, the first group seeking to limit the impact of universal principles (which they acknowledge), the second seeking to extend their reach (but not everywhere). Stuart Hampshire's new book is an elegant, restrained, and highly persuasive defense of minimalism. Hampshire uses a variety of formulas to describe the goal of his argument—as if he is constantly on guard lest too much be made of it:

- "a thin notion of minimum procedural justice,"
- "a certain minimum of necessary virtues,"
- "the minimum common basis for a tolerable human life,"
- "the conditions of mere decency,"
- "the elementary procedural concept of justice,"
- "a bare minimum concept of justice,"
- "a rock-bottom . . . morality of justice and fair-dealing,"
- "a recognizable basic level of common decency."

He wants that much and no more, a moral law that only barely constrains what human beings can be and do.

Why be so insistent on so little? The purpose of Hampshire's minimalism is not, as it is among some contemporary architects and designers, to set us in a world of empty spaces, sharp angles, bare vistas, disturbing absences—like a postmodern living room. He aims instead to open up space for the rich furnishings of the cultural imagination. Minimalism in his hands does not empty the world, but rather permits it to be filled in a great variety of ways.

Hardly anyone believes that there is only one morally legitimate way to inhabit and furnish the social world. But many people, many philosophers especially, are made uneasy by difference whenever it is serious. Moral maximizers aim, as it were, to fill the world's main spaces with the universal furniture of principle, right, and justice; then the variations introduced by this or that group of people can only be trivial. Like those Soviet bureaucrats who are prepared to recognize national differences only when they are expressed in folk-dances and holiday costumes, maximizers hope for a diversity that is colorful, curious, engaging, exotic, and, above all, harmless.

Hampshire, by contrast, has a strong sense of the inevitability, and also of the importance, of different ways of life. He argues initially from a pluralism of value, which he derives from the human capacity to imagine many goods, develop many talents, tell many stories:

> The capacity to develop idiosyncrasies of style and of imagination, and to form specific conceptions of the good, is the salient and peculiar capacity of human beings. . . . This is their nature, as it is also their nature to speak a great variety of natural languages.

Esperanto will never replace the variety of natural languages, and no philosophical account of "the best way of life" will ever replace the natural ways, founded on highly particularistic ("idiosyncratic") understandings and ima-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ginings of the good. Still, pluralism and particularism in lives and ways of life would make for hostility and war, unless different individuals and groups unite to establish "a basic level of common decency."

There is a standard argument here: we can live with many conceptions of the good only if we agree on a singular conception of the right. Only a singular justice allows for differences in moral culture. John Rawls argues along these lines, and so, I think, does Jürgen Habermas. Both these philosophers, the American liberal and the German socialist, recognize the diversity of goods and aim at an accommodationist ethic. Still, the theories they develop threaten to overwhelm all differences, except the trivial ones, in moral culture. Habermas's generalized account of human communication ("ideal speech") has no room for speakers who aren't already egalitarian democrats. Rawls's procedural justice, as Hampshire says, is "not narrowly procedural enough"—it will not accommodate a Catholic traditionalist, for example, or a political conservative.

Hampshire identifies with neither of these two types, but his "common decency" or "bare minimum . . . justice" is designed to avoid their exclusion. The strategy of avoidance has two features. There is, first, an acknowledgment that value pluralism reaches into the realm of justice itself. This means that no line can be drawn between the right and the good; the important and effective distinction, rather, is between minimal or procedural justice (the same everywhere) and a more extended and substantive justice (relative to ways of life). The second feature of Hampshire's strategy is his insistence that minimal justice must accommodate ways of life that its designers regard as unjust. There must be room in the social world (since, in Hampshire's multitudinous philosophy, there is room in the moral world) for all sorts of single-minded and intolerant people.

But I don't want to describe Hampshire simply as a model of liberal tolerance. Liberalism of this sort, entirely admirable, is also, often, entirely innocent. And Hampshire's book, though it is appreciative of innocence, is very much the product of experience. Its defense of pluralism is rooted in an account of memory and history as the shaping influences on both individual and collective consciousness. We are, importantly, what we think we have been; we produce ourselves through a "selective interpretation of the past," and we can bring ourselves to an imaginative acceptance of moral minimalism only through the study of other people's pasts, of history, the "great museum" of diverse idealisms. Understanding history reinforces the commitment to a genuinely *minimal* morality; it also reinforces the commitment to morality itself.

Hampshire's own history, with which he opens the book, starts in World War II, when he served in Army intelligence and interrogated captured Nazis. The Depression made him a socialist; the war made him a determined opponent of that "brutalized and debased Machiavellianism" which is "the political style characteristic of the 20th century." From those two experiences, Hampshire took away a sense of the absolute necessity of justice: not as a substantive doctrine, for on substance we would always disagree and so absolutism was out of place, but as a barrier against evils about which there could be no disagreement. What unites humanity, Hampshire writes, against the dominant view of Enlightenment philosophy, is not "a single substantial morality," but rather "the recognition of the great evils which render life scarcely bearable and . . . undermine any specific way of life." Bare minimum rock-bottom justice is designed to protect us from those evils, without itself encroaching upon any of the specific ways.

What is this bare justice? Hampshire's account isn't like those we have come to expect from academic philosophers. He proposes no design procedures, no thought experiments, no ideal conditions. He begins instead with an anthropological observation:

> Whenever and wherever human societies exist . . . issues of policy will be debated in some assembly of chosen persons. . . . The institution of articulating and reviewing contrary opinions on policy is of necessity species-wide.

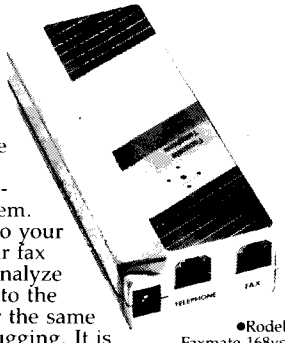
Practical reason or deliberation is universal ("uniting all humanity, from the nursery to the grave"), and the conditions of deliberation and the procedural rules that govern its outcomes are themselves the conditions and rules of justice. "Justice and fairness, at their most abstract level, are specifications of the notion of practical rationality, that is, of decision-making in difficult cases." The abstract idea is then elaborated in different ways in different societies, but a general commitment is visible throughout: we all know, at least roughly, what a fair argument in the assembly is like, and what counts as a real negotiation between adversaries.

Now run your fax and telephone on the same line, with . . .

Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs. only $79.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal.**

You simply are not "with it" without a fax machine—it's as indispensable as the telephone. But many of us, at home or in the office, are holding back from buying one, because of the cost and inconvenience of having to install a second telephone line. *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs* solves the problem. Simply plug this sophisticated switching system into your phone line and then plug both your phone and your fax into the *Faxmate*. This clever telephone device will analyze the incoming signal and send it either to the fax or to the phone. And, of course, it lets *you* fax or phone over the same line, and without having to do any switching or plugging. It is a wonderful convenience and a real bargain, because installation of an extra line and a couple of months' rent on that extra line will probably cost more than the *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs*.



●Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs *lets you use your fax and your phone on the same line—both for incoming and outgoing phone/fax messages. It comes with its own power supply. You can connect it in seconds.*

We are the exclusive importers of *Rodelex™* electronic instruments in the U.S. and can bring you this clever device for just $79.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $159.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** You need a fax machine in order to be efficient in your business or at home. Don't be held back because of that extra line. Get with it, and get your *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4236 A168** for *Rodelex™ Faxmate 168vs*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Faxmate 168vs*. and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, too, Hampshire is a minimalist. He makes no effort to extract substantive principles from the deliberative process; he doesn't turn argument into conversation and conversation into a metaphor for life itself. Hampshire seems to have no itch at all for a single way of life. He is entirely content with a modus vivendi, a way of living: protection against Nazi-like evil and a stable framework for "rationally controlled hostilities." His vision, he says, is like that of Heraclitus:

> Life, and liveliness, within the soul and within society consists in perpetual conflict between rival impulses and ideals, and . . . justice presides over the hostilities and finds sufficient compromises to prevent madness in the soul, and civil war or war between peoples.

It is not the purpose of moral philosophy to resolve the conflict, but to join in and keep it going.

Hampshire's book is a philosophical essay designed for this purpose, graceful and elegant in the best contemporary style. But at a deeper level, I think, the book belongs to another, older genre, to what scholars of the ancient world call "wisdom literature." Though he writes arguments, not aphorisms, Hampshire often sounds more like a sage than an analytic philosopher (though he knows all the analytic moves). It is a brave thing to attempt in this super-sophisticated day and age—the meditation on experience. Hampshire's attempt, it seems to me, is wholly successful. One comes away from reading this book a little wiser, and that can't be said of many books in moral or political philosophy or, for that matter, in any other academic field. •

Booked Up

BY GARRY WILLS

Jefferson's Literary Commonplace Book edited by Douglas L. Wilson

(Princeton University Press, 242 pp., $42)

Jefferson kept his *Literary Commonplace Book* (henceforth *LCB*) near him, in one of its forms, from the time when he began selecting items for it as a teenage student of the classics. It was with him when his first library was destroyed by fire at his father's plantation house, Shadwell, when he was 27. He sifted and rearranged its contents for a dozen or so years after that, and had it put in its final binding before he left for Europe in 1784, where he used it heavily in composing his treatise on poetic meters. After that it was a close companion of his travels until his death, when it became a valued family possession because of its close association with him.

It was not until 1918 that the Library of Congress could purchase this precious notebook from Jefferson's descendants, and it was not published (by Gilbert Chinard) until ten years later. Since then it has been heavily used by Jefferson's biographers, but with rather indeterminate results. Did it just reflect youthful enthusiasm for rather gloomy minor poets of the 18th century? Or were famous lines from the classics copied as dutiful schoolwork rather than independent choices? It was not known in Chinard's time how carefully Jefferson had rearranged the selections, retaining old samples in new gatherings.

In this model new edition, Douglas Wilson has marshaled the evidence of handwriting, binding, paper, and the editions used by Jefferson to establish for the first time how carefully worked the book is, how changed the order and categories of the excerpts, reflecting Jefferson's judgment, when he was about 40, of passages that retained meaning for him after (in some cases) a quarter of a century.

Since the notebook's leaves have been rearranged, it does not reflect the order of its original compilation, except in some accidental ways. Chinard thought dating by Jefferson's handwriting was impossible, but Wilson argues convincingly that Jefferson, so deliberate in all his aesthetic choices, and committed to a life of endless composition and record keeping, experimented with different hands, seeking clarity and utility, with results that can be traced. Dating the excerpts has important biographical consequences. For instance, many of the literary excerpts—from Euripides, Milton, and others—show a misogynistic bias, and these have most often been dated to the time when a 19-year-old Jefferson sued for and lost the 16-year-old Rebecca Burwell. But Wilson establishes that the passages on women come from his earlier days at Latin school. On the other hand, some of the most sentimental verses (from James Thomson's *The Seasons*, for instance) do come from the Burwell period.

Wilson even finds some evidence for what was left out, as well as what was included, in Jefferson's reshuffling of his prized passages. Thus the extensive quotations from Lord Bolingbroke, by far the longest in the book, are taken from even more extensive copyings, parts of which can be seen on the tops and bottoms of retained pages.

The emphasis on Bolingbroke is the most revealing aspect of the notebook. When Jefferson read him, Bolingbroke was still a scandalous author, one who had suppressed his "deistic" attacks on scripture and miracles at a time when his friend Voltaire was publishing similar thoughts. Even after Bolingbroke's death, pressure was brought on his executor not to publish, and Dr. Johnson denounced the project when it appeared in five volumes in 1754. (Jefferson was 11.)

By 1765, when he was 21, Jefferson had not only read all five volumes but copied at least 10,000 words from the subversive writer. This may give us one of the reasons Jefferson kept the *LCB* close to him at all times, and why his immediate family held it from circulation after his death. He was often accused by his enemies of being a Voltairean, but he did not need that French influence. The "English Voltaire" had won his heart from his most formative time. Jefferson was rightly cautious about letting his contemporaries know the full extent of his skepticism; he insisted on the privacy of the library he kept locked at Monticello. His questioning attitude is clear from the passages he chose for the *LCB*. The only time, for instance, when he interrupts the run of quotations from Bolingbroke is to back up one of them with a similar passage from Hume, and both these excerpts argue that incest is not a crime against nature.

Wilson provides useful information on all of the authors included in the *LCB*, on their standing in Jefferson's time, and often on the edition Jefferson took them from. There are also appendices that break the selected material down by language, genre (prose, drama, poetry), and date of the materials used. From these it becomes obvious that Jefferson copied roughly half of the final *LCB* items during his early 20s when he was studying law and other matters with the classicist George Wythe—a time when he aspired to an encyclopedic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mastery of world literature.

In resolving so many questions, Wilson usefully opens others. Why, for instance, did Jefferson retain his early misogynist excerpts if they were not the record of specific disappointment? Presumably the passages retained their meaning for him, or gained a new one, in successive reworkings of the *LCB*. What could that meaning have been? Wilson suggests that "he retained them as a reminder of what he had mastered, as a measure of the distance he had come and the degree of control he had achieved."

But why did he ever have to master a misogynist tendency? This may have something to do with his mysteriously cool attitude toward his mother, or with determination to overcome his passions (a regular motif in the *LCB*) in order to devote himself to scholarship. He entertained early fantasies of a kind of monastic life with his friend John Page, and later with Dabney Carr. At least once in the period when the *LCB* was taking shape, and once afterward, he let his heart master his head—both times with married women. Sexual impulse threatened his most abiding need, which was for order.

For the devoted arranger in Jefferson, little besides his architecture provided such pleasure as the ordering of his books around the walls of Monticello (and later, with his reduced library, around the walls of his second home at Poplar Forest). He ranged them by his own scheme of known things, tracing the interconnections and subordinations of field to field and author to author, in terms of excellence as well as of subject matter. In effect, this was a shaping of the raw materials for his *LCB* and other notebooks. It was just as personal an exercise, yet one that appealed to public standards of judgment in the manner of his architecture.

For maximum economy of space, Jefferson fitted his walls with boxes that formed shelves, putting books of the same size on the same shelf, so that no space was wasted between the tops of books and the tops of the boxes. But he kept a master list that showed the order of the books regardless of size, and he could move his eye up and down the shelves stacked above each other, to trace the exact hierarchy of books on any subject. When his boxes were shipped off to Congress, he sent the master list, but the librarian did not grasp its importance for Jefferson. The variations in the size of the books when they were taken from the boxes and put directly on shelves made it look like things were random within the large categories; so at the Library of Congress, they were entered alphabetically by authors within the subject groupings.

Jefferson's own list has been lost, as well as the one he sent to Congress; but a friend made a copy of his list, and that has recently been found in the Library of Congress by Wilson and James Gilreath. It is published now for the first time, and it allows one to see the personal ranking Jefferson gave to the many authors he had mastered. Not surprisingly, Bolingbroke's philosophical essays rank above those of Hume. Bolingbroke's influence is seen as well in the fact that religious writers are reduced to a category of jurisprudence (ecclesiastical law), in a departure from the Baconian scheme that Jefferson began with.

Henceforth anyone seriously interested in Jefferson's thinking must maintain a continued familiarity with these two books—the *LCB* so brilliantly edited as to be virtually a new item in the Jefferson corpus, and the copy of his library catalog, a new discovery in every way.

GARRY WILLS is the author most recently of *Reagan's America: Innocents at Home* (Doubleday).

SOCIAL INVESTMENT FORUM
seeks
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Coordinate national organization of socially responsible investment professionals. Well-organized, self-motivated. Writing, marketing, promotional skills required. Fundraising, financial experience helpful. Office location open. $36,000 plus bonus. Resume, letter, references by 2/1/90 to:
Search Committee, 430 First Avenue N.
#204W, Minneapolis, MN 55401.
(612-339-3939)

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY

by E. Waterhouse Allen

Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Distilled from 50 years work in human service agencies. 1st edit., $3.95.

BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

Eleven states and most of Western Europe have laws on the books like HR 2690. These states and nations recognize what the Diarist does not: intellectual property is unlike other types of property, and the law should reflect that difference.

DAVID SEGAL
Washington, D.C.

TRB *continued from page 4*

lections—merely from expanding them indefinitely. And a visitor can't help noticing that MOMA, like other major museums, is already, er, *full*.

Although museums complain that the price explosion has made their acquisition budgets almost worthless, it has had the opposite effect on hundreds of paintings they keep in storage. Since it is a cardinal belief of the commercialization deplorers that the philistines are especially partial to inferior works by big-name painters, the museums should have a golden opportunity for a sort of aesthetic arbitrage.

Third, if museum trustees really believe that great paintings are insanely overvalued financially—but undervalued aesthetically—they may want to consider selling off their inventory and *not* replacing it. If you wouldn't pay $50 million for a van Gogh, why should you keep a van Gogh you could get $50 million for? Use the money for the homeless, or art education, or some other worthy cause.

Harvard political scientist Edward Banfield proposed in a book several years ago that museums free themselves from the cult of the original and replace their paintings with high-quality reproductions. His argument was that a reproduction incorporates all or almost all of a painting's aesthetic value, yet costs a small fraction of the original because it lacks the investment value. If it is investment values (in both senses: the financial value of paintings and the spiritual values of the financial world) that are such a threat to museums today, Banfield's solution seems even more tempting. The *Time* cover story reported that the canvas on tour in Australia representing itself as the world's most expensive painting, van Gogh's *Irises*, may actually *be* a copy! This reinforces Banfield's contention that the difference between real and fake is not even in the eye of the beholder.

It ill behooves Americans to fret that we are losing great European paintings to the Japanese. How did we get them? As Grampp wittily points out, works of art have been moving west "for millennia": from the Middle East to Greece and Rome in ancient times; from Italy to northern Europe; in the 19th century from Europe to the American East Coast; more recently across America to Texas and California; and now to Japan. Someday, Grampp predicts, they'll all end up back where they started. All the more reason for museums to think of their collections as assets to be used shrewdly, not as sacrosanct national treasures.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Endgames

DECEMBER ALWAYS MAKES ME think of mortality (something it has in common with the other 11 months), and this year it was especially affecting. First there was the dreaded Arctic air mass, which thoroughly deadened this part of the country. Then, before it had subsided, came a spate of notable obituaries: Samuel Beckett, Billy Martin, and Nicolae and Elena Ceausescu. (The Ceausescus' demise, tragically, came only days after I had finally learned that their name is not, in fact, pronounced anything like the North African dish couscous.) Determined to be in an upbeat mood by New Year's Eve, I set about trying to read some meaning into these obituaries, to extract some lessons to live by. The moral of Nicolae Ceausescu's story seems fairly straightforward: always try to avoid overestimating your popularity. As for Elena Ceausescu: her death, I think, drives home the importance of choosing a lifelong mate wisely. The other two big deaths of late December—Beckett's and Martin's—were reported consecutively on the national news, and I can't help thinking there's something profound in this juxtaposition, though I'm having trouble putting my finger on it. One man was described in his obituary as "a towering figure in drama and fiction who altered the course of contemporary theater," the other as "the five-time manager of the New York Yankees who was repeatedly fired after bouts of drinking and brawling." One had said, "There is nothing to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express." The other had said (for example): "We might move Griffey up to second. Then we'd have to find a place for Randolph." One had chosen to live quietly in an apartment overlooking the exercise yard of a French prison. The other lived noisily in rural New York, drove a four-wheel-drive pickup truck, got forcibly ejected from topless bars, and once engaged a marshmallow salesman in fisticuffs. Maybe the big question defined by these two lives is: Do you want to just sit around and *talk* about the absurd meaninglessness of human existence, or do you want to live it? Would you rather write the book or illustrate it? Forced to choose, I like to think I'd go the Billy Martin route. But I hope during the new decade to chart a middle course.

I AM SOMETHING OF AN EERIE coincidence aficionado, so I was delighted to find, upon returning home on the day the U.S. invaded Panama, that the mailman had brought me a videotape labeled "Panama." It turned out to have come not from Colin Powell or Dick Cheney, but from my mother. It consisted of home-movie footage taken in the mid-1950s, a couple of years before my birth, when my father, a career army officer, was stationed in Panama. It made for beautiful viewing. The deep blues and greens of Panama showed richly through the film's timeworn texture, and flowed nicely along with the dreamy '50s-era music that had been recently added as a soundtrack. This being December and all, I took full advantage of the opportunity to get weepy about the inexorable passage of time. There was my older brother, wearing a baby-blue sunsuit and a nifty pair of Ricky Ricardo-style sandals, swilling Cokes with my older sisters under the benign gaze of my mother (the gaze magnified by her fashionable "cat's eye" glasses). And there was my father, who was then about my present age, looking just as I later came to know him—a walking embodiment of America in the 1950s: big and strong (compared to me, anyway) and effortlessly, even gently, exuding physical and moral authority. This glimpse of Panama and America then (or, at least, of America as Americans then thought of it) contrasted grimly with the chaos and carnage that at that moment was being visited on Panama City, and I couldn't help wondering: Was this invasion really necessary? Does it befit a great nation? Is it the act of a mature president?

THESE THREE QUESTIONS CAN, with minimal distortion, be rolled into one: Would Dwight Eisenhower have done what George Bush did? I don't think so. For one thing, he had seen the brutality and messiness of war up close (Bush did his World War II fighting in a bomber), and he surely would have known that invading a country run by a savvy and treacherous dictator doesn't qualify as outpatient surgery. But the more important difference between the two men is that Eisenhower's masculinity wasn't a frequent source of public debate, or of doubt in his own mind. He didn't need to show anyone how tough he was. Ike was as forceful a realpolitician as the next president, but he didn't exert strength to show off; he preferred to exert it inconspicuously, quietly sponsoring coups in Guatemala and Iran. (And, by the way, the subsequent history of Iran shows that the downsides of America's foreign adventures have a way of surfacing only decades later, a fact that condemns to marginal relevance all the op-ed cost-benefit analyses of the Panama invasion.) If Eisenhower had been president in 1989, he probably, first of all, would have seized the opportunity presented by the attempted Panamanian coup in October. And, failing that, he would have had the patience and self-assurance to systematically cultivate another coup a few months, even a year, down the road. I suspect Eisenhower would laugh at the Administration's claim that we had to act *now*—that vital interests were threatened by the spontaneous, flukey murder of a single American. The facility with which various pundits embraced this pretext for intervention as the genuine justification is a depressing reminder of how nationalism clouds the mind. The only real reasons for taking care of Noriega at this time, and therefore in such bloody fashion, lie in Bush's peculiar political and psychological needs. This was perhaps his most impressive display of wimphood to date.

SOME OF THE LATEST INAUSPICIOUS signs for *perestroika* can be found in the "Exhibit of Poor Quality Goods," which, David Remnick of the *Washington Post* reports, was held a couple of months ago in Moscow. I'm not talking about the obvious bad news here—the fact that the items on display, including a bottle of mineral water containing a dead mouse, don't speak of a thriving modern economy. (The leading cause of house fires in the Soviet Union, according to the *Post*, is exploding television sets.) The more troubling symptom is the idea of the exhibit itself—trying to stamp out shoddy workmanship through moral exhortation. It suggests that Soviet leaders continue to labor under the illusion that you can fix a decrepit command economy just by sending new commands, rather than by scrapping them altogether. Add this exhibit to the now-massive accumulation of evidence that, when it comes to free-market economics, the Russians just don't get it. (In December Mikhail Gorbachev announced a new economic plan that postpones once again some crucial reforms.) *Time* magazine named Gorbachev Man of the Decade, and he probably deserves the title, having put so many communists, especially in Eastern Europe, in touch with modern politics. But it increasingly looks as if Eastern Europe will spend the 1990s putting Gorbachev (or his successor) in touch with modern economics.

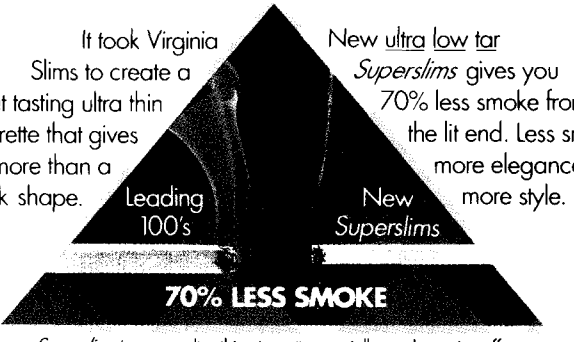
ROBERT WRIGHT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIRST LOW SMOKE CIGARETTE FOR WOMEN

It took Virginia Slims to create a great tasting ultra thin cigarette that gives you more than a sleek shape.

New ultra low tar *Superslims* gives you 70% less smoke from the lit end. Less smoke, more elegance, more style.



Superslims is a new ultra thin cigarette specially made to give off 70% less smoke from the lit end than leading 100mm cigarettes and 60% less than the other ultra thin, Capri, as tested under laboratory conditions.

ULTRA LOW TAR 100's
LOW SMOKE
VIRGINIA SLIMS STYLE

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

NEW FROM VIRGINIA SLIMS

Superslims

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED